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The Sketch.



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A Note by Gisele.

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The Sketch

No. 1182.—Vol. XCI.

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 22, 1915.

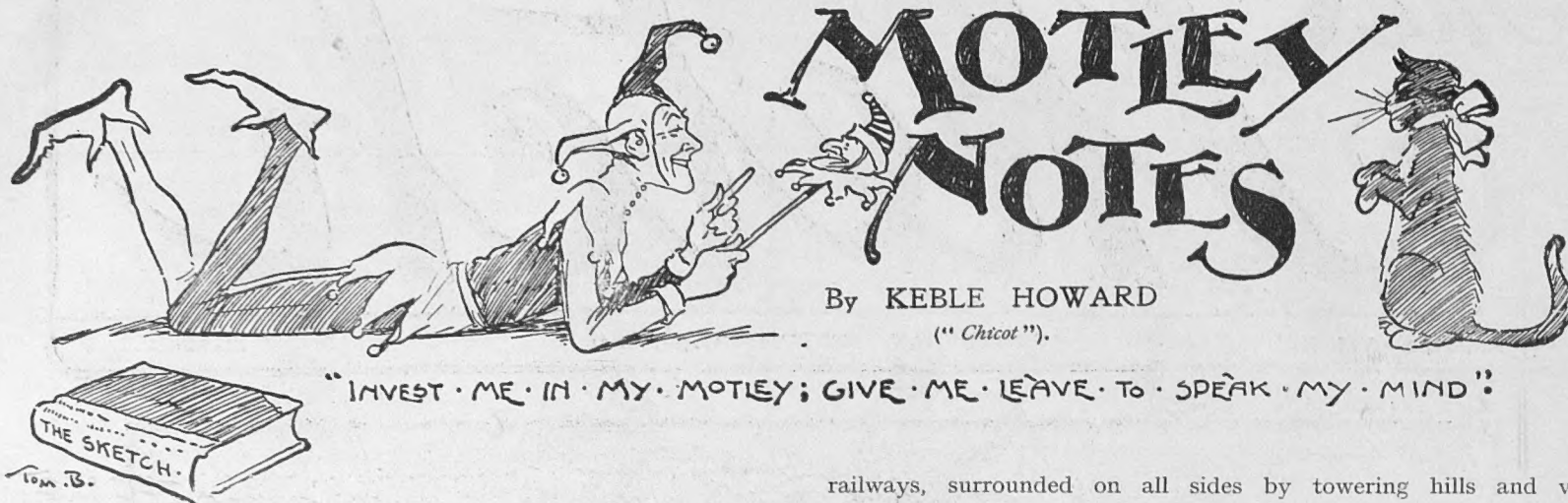
SIXPENCE.



DECORATED WITH THE FRENCH CROIX DE GUERRE AND THE BELGIAN ORDER OF LEOPOLD,
FOR WORK AT THE FRONT; AND NOW GOING TO RUSSIA: MRS. WYNNE.

Mrs. Wynne, who was decorated by King Albert and by the French Government, for her work at the Western front, is about to go to Russia with the Anglo-Russian Bevan Ambulance Cars Unit. It is proposed to set up a dressing-station and a small movable hospital as near the front as is possible, and to bring in

the wounded in the ambulances. Subscriptions are asked for surgical instruments, anaesthetics, folding-beds, dressings, splints, and the upkeep of cars and dressing-station. Donations will be gratefully received by Mrs. Wynne, 6, West Chapel Street, Mayfair, London.



Warriors at Ease.

It was a small town in Scotland, not far from the Border. The place teemed with soldiers: they were everywhere—splendid fellows, thick-set, broad-shouldered, grim, determined, trained to the finest point. The young officers particularly impressed one. There was nothing of the "jolly old picnic" about them. You could see that they had realised the seriousness of war, that they were out for death or victory. Ruddy, fair-haired, blue-eyed, they meant stern business, for all their tender years and peaceful upbringing.

Whilst an extremely polite gentleman burst a couple of my tyres in the nicest possible way, and really charged me very little for doing it, I happened into the favourite refreshment-house of the young subalterns. It was not an hotel, or an inn, or even a restaurant in the ordinary sense of the term. To be exact, it was a tea-shop—one of those cunning, modern tea-shops full of cane chairs and inner recesses. The timid stranger takes his tea in the front shop; the rather bolder spirit finds a haven in the apartment beyond; but the privileged habitué strides straight through to the inmost recess, where the light is dim, and he is initiated into the mysteries of making the tea and notching up the bills.

I had no right in the inmost recess, but absence of mind led me thither. And here, of course, came all the young subalterns. The work of the day was over, but their countenances did not relax. They spoke no word. Each selected a chair; each had a paper, illustrated for choice; each gave the same solemn order to the waitress. I could not hear the order, but I knew from their demeanour that they would refresh themselves, after the heat and labour of the day, with some stern refreshment.

And they did. Every man, without exception, had a double portion of ice-cream. In silence they spooned it up; in silence they paid their dues; in silence they departed. I have seldom seen a more impressive or a more significant sight.

The Fells by Night.

I left that little Scottish town, by permission of the polite gentleman, as night came on. My road lay through the fells—I suppose they are called fells, those great, sullen, gloomy monsters that frown down upon the road for some three-and-twenty miles. A more lonely road I have never traversed. Not a sign of life did we see from end to end of it, but we saw a sign of lifelessness. At a sudden angle of the road, so sudden that the incident might well have been repeated, we came across a large yellow car with its hind wheels on the road and its fore wheels pointing to the mountain-tops. As forlorn a wreck as you could imagine, and all the more forlorn for the jauntiness of its yellow dress.

When, at last, we felt our way into a black little town, and stumbled upon an inn full of light and cheeriness behind the closely drawn blinds, there was no passionate desire for further progress that night.

The War a World Away.

The next evening we found ourselves in a tiny village at the head (or foot) of one of the English lakes. The one hotel was crowded with climbers—people who proceed thither year after year for the sole purpose of scrambling to the summit of the fells and scrambling down again. One had no idea of quibbling. The men were of middle-age or over, and had earned a holiday. As I sat in the tiny smoke-room after dinner, and listened to the conversation, it seemed perfectly natural that the war should be left out. Remote from

railways, surrounded on all sides by towering hills and vast expanses of still water, the incidents of the day formed sufficient food for thought and conversation. As thus—

"Been far to-day?"

"Not far. 'Bout twenty mile."

"Do anything big?"

"Not very. Saw some ravens."

"Yes?"

"Yes. Saw two ravens."

"I saw one yesterday."

"Yes?"

And then, puffing at our pipes, we thought for quite a long time about ravens.

"The Kirkstone." Between this place and the Scottish town where the subalterns consumed ice-cream I had had a conversation with an expert in local topography. I told him that I was going through Windermere, and I sketched out my route.

"Ah," said he. "Then you'll have to do the Kirkstone."

I knew the name, but could not quite remember why.

"The Kirkstone?" said he, warming to the matter immediately.

"Why, that's the Kirkstone Pass, you know. Are your brakes all right?"

"I think so," said I.

"Well, you'll want them."

"Is the Kirkstone so formidable?"

"Formidable? I should say you might call it that. There's been hundreds killed on the Kirkstone!"

"Not hundreds?" said I.

"Hundreds," said he. "Hundreds and hundreds. There was one whole family wiped out, not long ago. Father, mother, and children. Brakes refused to act. All killed. Lots of brakes won't act on the Kirkstone. They get too hot. Then you have to run into the wall on one side, and bounce off that to the wall on the other side, and wait till you turn over. That's the only chance if the brakes won't act."

"Thanks. And what about going up?"

He fixed a speculative eye on my car. "Well, it's a terrible climb. Six miles, all uphill, and a gradient of one in three! I should think you might do it, but your engine will get terribly hot. All on lowest gear, mind. I should advise you to stop halfway up and let her cool off a bit."

The Battle.

His stories were confirmed by the raven-fanciers at the secluded hotel. Even the guide-book had awful stories to tell of the Kirkstone. One gentleman promised to tow me back to the hotel if the worst came to the worst.

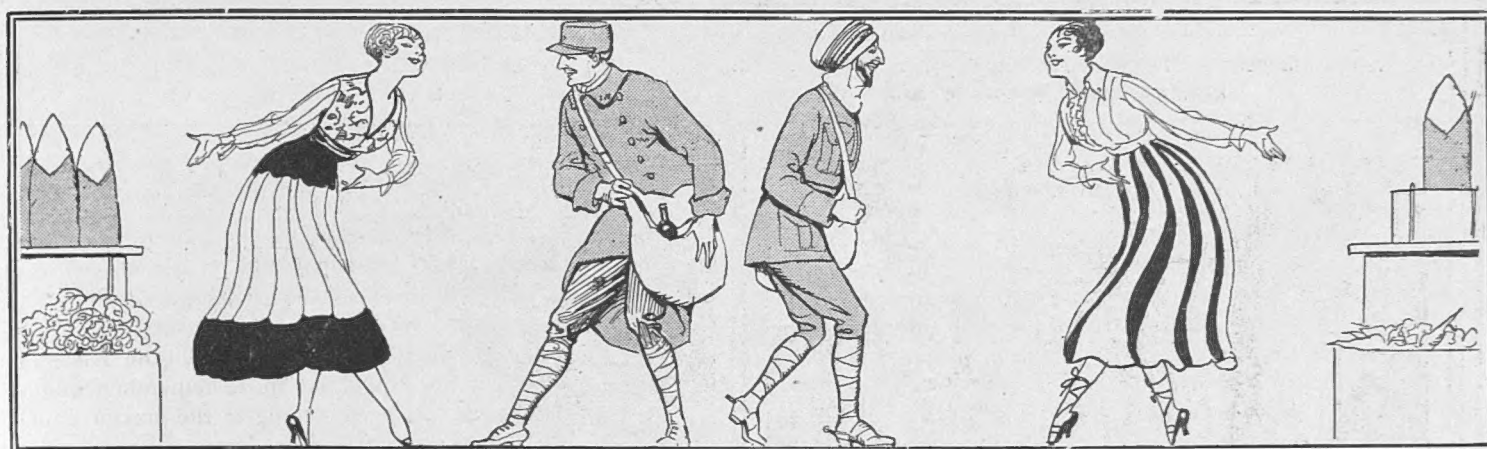
We set out after breakfast with a huge pile of luggage and a cold engine. For the first three or four miles the chief trouble was the sharp bends in the narrow road, which made rushing tactics impossible. Then came the climb. It was not a rapid business, but the car of all-English make responded to the call, as I knew she would, and I gave her the first breather at the summit, with Windermere and a gorgeous expanse of country far below. As for the descent, that was merely a matter of ordinary care.

And so, at last, back to the telephone, and the bills, and the newspapers, and the Zeppelins. But with stores of energy for the adventures of autumn and winter.

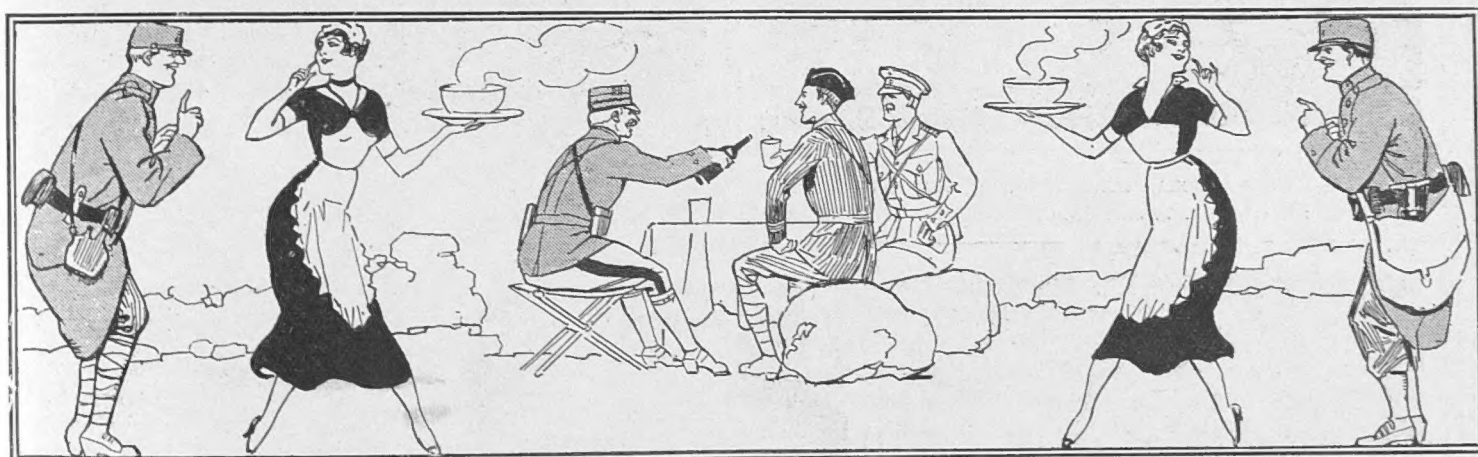
VANITIES OF VALDÈS: WOMAN AMONG THE WARRIORS.



THE WAR-AREA IS FORBIDDEN TO FRENCH WIVES AND FIANCÉES, BUT THEY CAN POSE AS VILLAGERS:



OR SERVE IN LOCAL GROCERY-STORES:



OR ACT AS WAITRESSES ON THE GENERAL:



OR, AS A LAST RESORT. BECOME SOLDIERS!

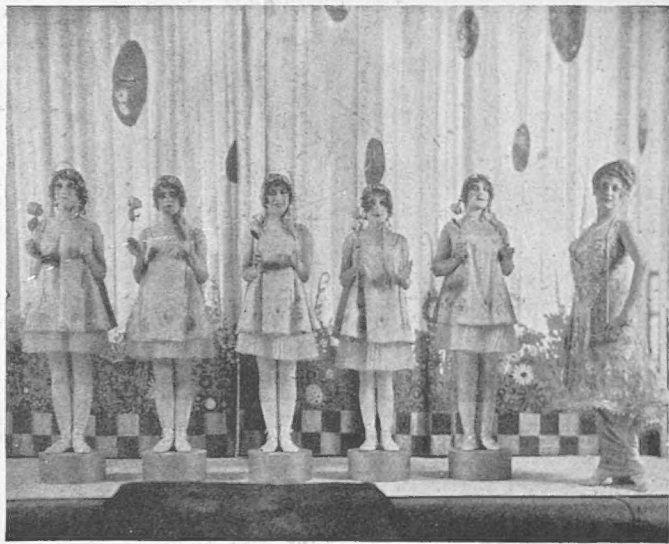
HERE ARE PRETTY LADIES! THE NEW GARRICK REVUE.



AFTER BRUNELLESCHI: LES FLORINDO—MLES. NORA, RICHARDSON, BAUDIER, THALINE, DORION, AND SUSY.



SINGING THE SONG OF THE PERISCOPE: MLE LUCETTE DE LANDY.



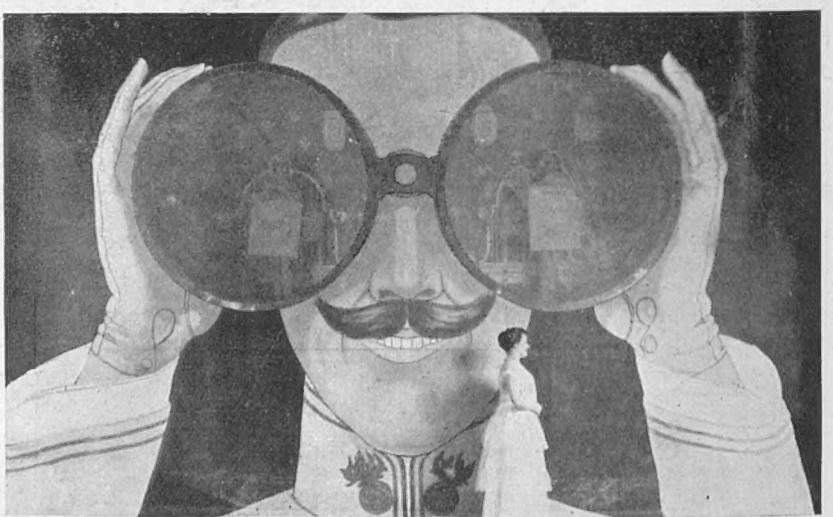
FASHIONS: MLES. DICKA, BALVET, BERTHET, SUSY MIELLE, AND CLAVELLI; WITH MLE. YVONNE GRANVILLE AS MODE PARISIENNE.



AFTER BRUNELLESCHI: LES ROSAURAS — MLES. ROUHIER, BALVET, ROSEMBEAU, DUGALD, CLAVELLI, AND STORA.



LA PIERRE DE LUNE: MLE. YVONNE GRANVILLE AS TRIVELIN, AND MLE. LUCETTE DE LANDY AS ISABELLE.



LA LORNETTE DU FRONT: THE READERS OF THE COMMUNIQUÉ; AND MLE LUCETTE DE LANDY AS LA PARISIENNE.

The Garrick Theatre has now fallen into line with so many playhouses, and presents a revue: in this case, "Y'a d'Jolies Femmes," a title which is not given the lie by the cast.

WEDDED TO THE "BIG GUN" WHO IS PROTECTING LONDON.



WIFE OF THE DEFENDER OF LONDON AND DISTRICT AGAINST AIRCRAFT ATTACK: LADY SCOTT,
WHOSE MARRIAGE TO SIR PERCY SCOTT TOOK PLACE LAST YEAR.

Lady Scott, who was married to Sir Percy Moreton Scott only last year, is the daughter of Mr. Ramsay Dennis. She is very much interested in the important new appointment conferred upon her brilliant husband, who has long been recognised all the world over as a gunnery expert of the first order. The art and science of gunnery has been the unceasing study and paramount interest of Sir Percy's life since he entered the Navy, in 1866, and his inventions include many which were so remarkable as to be

worthy to take high rank among the romances of science, as well as at the same time belonging to the most practical developments of the work of national defence. That he should be chosen as the gunnery defender of London against the attacks of enemy aircraft is universally regarded as wise: a tribute to the Admiral himself, and an additional assurance to the nation that all possible precautions are being taken to ensure the safety of the country in general, and of London in particular.

Photograph by Speaight.



"SARTOR RESARTUS" UP TO DATE: A QUESTION OF "COOLTH": "THERE BE LAND THIEVES."

Oxford Shoes and "Slacks."

Every Londoner must have noticed the changed appearance of the majority of young officers who are seen nowadays in London. Most of them are wearing breeches and puttees, and the majority have discarded the soft cap, which was generally known as the "mud-pie" cap, for it much resembled the mud-pies that dirty little boys make at low tide in the Thames. Oxford shoes and "slacks," turned up at the bottom, are not now regarded with favour by the high authorities, and they are only to be worn by officers when they are not on duty, and sparingly even then.

A Plea for the Boys.

The question, however, that presents itself to my mind is, if Oxford shoes and slacks turned up at the ends are regarded with disfavour by the War Office, how has it happened that during the past twelve months hundreds of thousands of officers, young and old, have been allowed to buy the garment and the footwear under the impression that they were not only approved but insisted on as part of an officer's uniform? There is no possible doubt that breeches and puttees and ankle-boots, or breeches and long boots, are more soldierly in appearance than the slacks and shoes, but evidently, at the commencement of the war, somebody in authority was not of this opinion, and the slacks and the shoes were accepted as being regulation. I hope that all the youngsters will be allowed to wear out the slacks they have bought, for they will be of no use to them after the war when they return to civilian life, but the shoes may very well be put away for use as civilian footwear when the boys resign their temporary commissions.

Mufti at Night.

The desire to wear some easier garments than the orthodox military ones is felt by soldiers in high places as well as by simple subalterns, and if the subaltern shows a tendency towards socks of striking pattern the men of high degree, most of them, relapse into civilian dress clothes for dinner and for the theatre. Khaki, which at one time was nearly the only wear for men below fifty at the theatre and in the restaurants, is now the exception rather than the rule after seven o'clock in the evening. A change of clothes is refreshing to tired men, and no one will quarrel with the Generals and Colonels and Staff Officers for appearing in black at night, but I think the subaltern, who cannot quite forget that he is a "nut," has been rather hardly dealt with in the matter of socks.

An Order that Was Neglected.

I can remember a time, some forty years ago, when regimental officers in Great Britain were ordered always to wear uniform, except when playing games, and to wear their swords if they went outside the barracks boundary. It was an Order that was considered very irksome by regimental officers, though the ladies whole-heartedly approved of it. At that time, however, the Commander-in-Chief and the Adjutant-General and the Quartermaster-General used to go down to their offices at the War Office in mufti, and as an Order that was not obeyed by the highest military authorities was not likely to be binding for long on the smaller fry, the Order soon came to be neglected. Lord Kitchener set the example of wearing uniform all day long, and the Army followed his example until the strain of never seeing its dress clothes became unbearable.

In Hot Climates.

In very hot climates officers wear their uniform gladly throughout the whole of the day, except during the time that they change into flannels to play games. The thin uniform is cooler than any civilian dress. I remember, for instance, that at Singapore, the officers of the British regiment quartered there always dined out in mess-dress, because the white duck trousers, white waistcoat, and very thin mess-jacket were cooler than any dress clothes that tailor ever made.

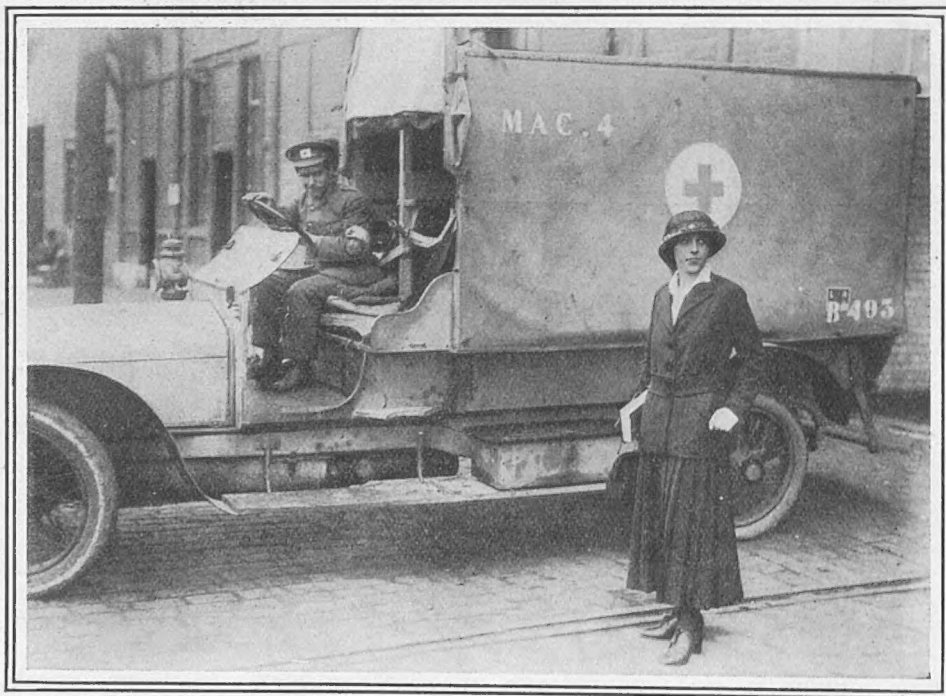
Piratical Taxi-Drivers.

The taxi-cabmen who meet the early morning trains at Victoria Station have evidently taken a lesson from the drivers of vehicles who, on race days, take the sporting public from the station to the course, who cram their vehicles to the utmost and ask the highest fare they think they are likely to get. These taxi-cabmen shouted to the soldiers arriving from the Front: "Any more for Euston or King's Cross?" and charged each man two shillings or three shillings for the journey. This is a piratical proceeding, and I very sincerely hope that the suggestion that has been made that soldiers coming on leave from the Front should be met by motor-omnibuses which will take them to their destination for a reasonable fare will be carried out. It would be a kindly action if motor-car owners who do not use their cars until after breakfast occasionally sent them down in the grey of the morning to Victoria to carry across London some of our gallant fellows, giving them a free ride, and thus punishing the extortionate taxi-chauffeur.



THE ALLIES' CHIEF MUNITIONS AGENT IN AMERICA: MR. J. P. MORGAN, WHO HAS BEEN LIVING IN HIS YACHT SINCE HIS ATTEMPTED ASSASSINATION, GOING ASHORE TO HIS OFFICE FOR BUSINESS.

Mr. John Pierpont Morgan has now recovered from the wounds inflicted on him in July, at Washington, by the German would-be assassin Holt, the tool of a gang of German conspirators in the States who plotted to kill Mr. Morgan, whose firm acts as the chief agent in America for the supply of munitions to the Allies. The dastardly outrage, it will be remembered, was witnessed by the British Ambassador, Sir Cecil Spring Rice. Since then Mr. Morgan has been recuperating on board his yacht. He now goes ashore every day to business carefully guarded by detectives, to prevent a repetition of the murderous attack by other German emissaries.—[Photograph by Illus. Bureau.]



LIVING UP TO THE FAMILY MOTTO, "FIGHT": THE COUNTESS OF ROSSLYN AT THE FRONT.

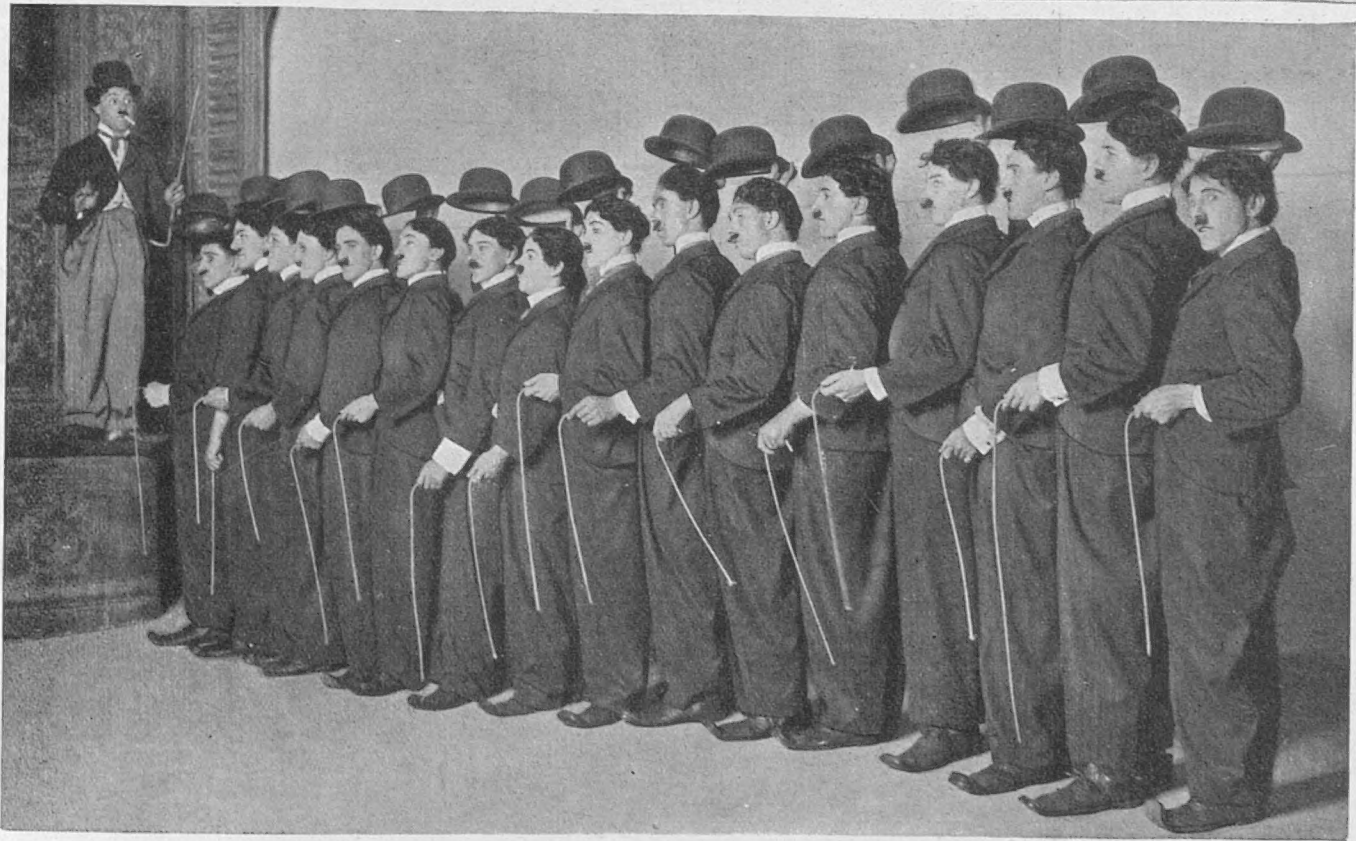
The motto under the Rosslyn family arms is one word—"Fight." Both the Earl and Countess are living up to it at the present time, fighting the enemy the British Empire knows at the present moment. The Earl, an ex-subaltern of the Blues, is a Major in the King's Royal Rifle Corps, and is adding to his previous war experience, which was with Thorneycroft's Horse in South Africa. The Countess, herself a soldier's daughter, her father having held a commission in the 17th Lancers, is doing her part in the fight, on duty with the Red Cross Ambulance at Boulogne. She was married to Lord Rosslyn in 1908, and they have two children.

Photograph by C. N.

CHARLIE CHAPLIN IN THE BULK: AN EMPIRE TURN.



A ONE-MAN SHOW BY SIXTEEN MEN: IMITATION IN CHORUS OF THE MOST POPULAR OF FILM COMEDIANS, IN "WATCH YOUR STEP."



A VARIETY TRIBUTE TO THE NEW KING OF THE MOVIE: MR. LUPINO LANE (WITH CIGARETTE, ON THE EXTREME LEFT) AND HIS PLATOON OF CHARLIES AT THE EMPIRE.

A VARIETY TRIBUTE TO THE NEW KING OF THE MOVIES: MR. LUPINO LANE AND HIS PLATOON OF CHARLIES AT THE EMPIRE.

The extraordinary boom which that most popular of film comedians, Charlie Chaplin, has enjoyed of late has found its way both into revue and into musical comedy, where he receives the sincerest form of flattery—namely, imitation. Not long ago we illustrated the example at the Gaiety. Here we give one from the Variety stage which is even more striking, at any rate, in numbers. Not content with personating

the famous one himself, Mr. Lupino Lane, the well-known acrobatic dancer, and comedian surrounds himself in "Watch Your Step" with quite a regiment—or, to be more precise, a full platoon—of Charlie Chaplins. Each wear the familiar baggy trousers, the crooked tie, and the flabby bowler, and the upper lip of each is adorned with a replica of Charlie's diminutive black moustache.



A WELL-WON HONOUR:
LIEUT.-COMMANDER EDGAR
CHRISTOPHER COOKSON,
R.N., D.S.O.

Lieutenant-Commander Cookson received the D.S.O. for services in the Persian Gulf, during the operations in the Shatt-el-Arab, when, although severely wounded by Arabs, he skilfully succeeded in most ably rescuing his vessel from a perilous position under very heavy rifle fire.

Photograph by Russell and Sons.

one Second Lieutenant to his companion the other day, and ordered more coffee. "Silly!" said she. "He wouldn't look at you at all: your uniform as interesting as my dress—I don't think!"

Exhibition Feeding.

At one time, not long before the war, Prince Louis of Battenberg and Mr. Winston Churchill had reason to demonstrate their mutual friendliness. Therefore, at lunch-time they went together to the Ritz, and on the evening of the same day turned up at the same table at the Carlton for dinner and the Savoy for supper. It was a pretty piece of exhibition feeding, and answered its purpose. Now Mr. Grahame-White has been somewhat industriously lunching in public, to show that he is still on good terms with himself and the world.



ENGAGED TO CAPTAIN
DENTON DE LA COUR RAY:
MISS E. THOMPSON.

Miss Thompson, whose engagement to Captain Ray is just announced, resides at Camowen Hill, Armagh, Co. Tyrone, Ireland.

Photograph by Elliott and Fry.

LADY Diana Manners is not oppressed by fashion, either in slang or frocks. She has a way of persisting in a "Jennyism" or a petticoat long after publication. Her latest wear (and very charming she looked in it in Oxford Street the other day) was a tight skirt of yester-year, and the head-gear of to-morrow—a veiled top-hat that Jenny would have called "long-sleeved."

Able to Cover His Retreat.

The luncheon-hour, during the glorious weather of last week, found everybody at the restaurants. By common consent, people who go Piccadilly-wards in the middle of the day forget their war-fatigues and smooth out their brows. Perhaps when Lord Athlumney strolls into Ciro's some young officers become for a moment a little self-conscious about their fancy socks and soft caps; but Lord Athlumney himself is off duty at such times, and entirely colour-blind in his official eye. "I can't get up till he's gone," said



A MILITARY ENGAGEMENT: MISS VIOLET SMITH—CAPTAIN CHARLES BUTLER.
Miss Violet Smith is the youngest daughter of Lieutenant-Colonel and the Hon. Mrs. Abel Smith, of Woodhall Park, Hertford. Captain Charles Butler, 60th Rifles, is the eldest son of Lieutenant-Colonel and Mrs. Lewis Butler, of Watton House, Hertford.

Photographs by Swaine.

The Vogue of the Restaurants.

Lady Randolph Churchill and Mrs. "Lulu" Harcourt are both glad to take an hour off in the middle of the day and to join the restaurant throng that feeds within sight of the Green Park. Lady Derby, with Lady Victoria Primrose to guide her through the menu, was with Lord Stanley and a couple of friends at the Carlton last week; Lady Victor Paget was lunching with her husband, who was under orders for an almost immediate departure to the front; and Mrs. Shirley Falke was looking after Mr. Falke, lately released from hospital. Coming or going, the soldier-man finds the restaurants very convenient, whether as guest or host. In such surroundings he can make his good-byes over his coffee with the least possible strain on the emotions, and be welcomed home by his acquaintance without the

dreariness of the drawing-room interlude. The one thing the man on leave will not tolerate is waste of time, and a private-house meal takes the heart out of the day.

Truth in Uniform. Lady Hamilton has been well schooled in the interpretation of news from the front, and rumour never finds its billet in Sir Ian's London headquarters. Unbelief is one of the articles of his military faith. He puts the case very prettily: "On the actual day of battle," he says, "naked truths may be picked up for the asking; by the following day they have already begun to get into their uniforms." His quiet humour and incredulity, by the way, seem to render him more or less immune from the wiles of the tale-weaver. Generals much more prosaic than he, but rather more inclined to the give and take of talk, far oftener find themselves in the draught (of gossip), and are inclined to wonder why!



Of No Military Importance.

Here is an innocuous, but strange, tale of Sir John French. One day a nun entered his private office unannounced, and told him she was offering her prayers for his welfare. He looked hard at her, thanked her, and escorted her to the door. Then, calling his orderlies, he rated them for their carelessness, their orders being, of course, that nobody should have access to his room. They denied all knowledge of the visitor, and the next day, when Sir John found himself passing the doors of the only convent in the district, he decided to ask the Reverend Mother to refrain from such visits in the future. She, too, denied responsibility. "Here is my whole community," she said; "which of these sisters

went to you?" "She's not amongst those ladies," replied Sir John; "but I know perfectly well she belongs to this house—that's her portrait over the mantel-piece." "That is the portrait," the other answered, "of Sœur Thérèse, who died twenty-five years ago."

Harmsworth in Harm's Way.

Mr. Belloc's new toy (a little motor which carries him, one must suppose, to Washington village and the ale of his choice in double quick time) has failed to keep him in good-fellowship with that keenest of motorists, Lord Northcliffe. And, by the irony of fate, "H. B.'s" reply was published just at the moment Lord Northcliffe had gone away, forbidding the forwarding of letters, and with a strong inclination to take a rest from the sight of a morning paper. What, under such circumstances, would the peer have preferred—the publication of the reply, or no disturbance of his personal peace?



THE SOLDIER-SON OF MR.
HARRY LAUDER: CAPTAIN
J. C. LAUDER.

The son of the popular Scottish comedian, Mr. Harry Lauder, Captain J. C. Lauder, who, as Lieutenant, was wounded in action a few months ago, has now been promoted Captain. He is in the 8th (Argyllshire Battalion) Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders.

Photograph by Thomson.



ENGAGED TO MISS E.
THOMPSON: CAPTAIN DEN-
TON DE LA COUR RAY.

Captain Denton de la Cour Ray, whose engagement to Miss E. Thompson is announced, is in the 2nd Battalion, the Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers.

Photograph by Lambert Weston.

THE FIRST PRIVATE OF BELGIUM AS ETON BOY.



FROM THE TRENCHES TO ETON: H.R.H. THE DUKE OF BRABANT, BELGIAN CROWN PRINCE,
AT THE WORLD-FAMOUS SCHOOL.

H.R.H. the Duke of Brabant, the elder son and Heir of H.M. the King of the Belgians, is a manly, sturdy young Prince, who is taking a keen personal as well as patriotic interest in the progress of the war. His Royal Highness has spent some time in the trenches and knows what war means in the crude and dangerous conditions which obtain at the front: he may be called, indeed, the First Private of Belgium. The King of the Belgians has given one more proof of his personal liking for England and

English ways in sending the young Duke, heir to the Throne, to Eton, where he arrived a few days ago, and is boarding at the house of Mr. S. G. Lubbock, a name long and honourably associated with the old school founded in 1440 by Henry VI. The young Duke will have for one of his friends, both in school and in Mr. Lubbock's house, Prince Henry, third son of King George, who is some eighteen months older than the son of King Albert.—[*Photograph by C.N.*]



CROWNS · CORONETS · COURTIER'S

FOR six months everybody, from the Manners girls to the ultra-literary secretaries of our Cabinet Ministers, used to talk the talk of Jenny, the heroine of Compton Mackenzie's "Carnival." Her slang became the slang of "the set," and although Lady Diana, after a time, forgot to say "There's nothing wrong with this little girl" whenever the occasion offered, and if Downing Street heard less and less of "any old way" and "poppy-shows" and all the other Jennyisms, her author is still responsible for a number of the conversational mannerisms (or lapses) of the day. But his new book, from this point of view, is a great disappointment. Whatever the other merits of "Guy and Pauline," it provides no new order of table-talk.



TO MARRY MR. EDMOND DUCKWORTH SANDERS : MISS OLIVE BURNABY.

Miss Burnaby is the second daughter of Lieutenant-Colonel Eustace Beaumont Burnaby, who was City Marshal of London, 1886-1889, and lives at 23, Wellington Square, Chelsea, S.W. Mr. Edmond Duckworth Sanders is the son of the late Mr. Thomas Sanders, of Charleville, Co. Cork.

Photograph by Swaine.

clubs. All the men with red on their khaki have adopted a professional asthma, and even a third person in a confidential little party, finding listening a difficult business, often comes away with a very vague notion of what he has been told "on unimpeachable authority." He fills in the gaps, and by the next day the whisper is translated into a very decent full-voiced narrative. There, perhaps, you have the natural history of the extraordinary tales that are constantly emerging from Pall Mall and Piccadilly.

A. J. B.'s Uncle. Miss Beresford Hope, who is engaged to Squadron-Commander Babington, belongs to a family much involved in politics, by matrimony and otherwise. Alexander Beresford Hope, famous for his hobby of church-building and for his connection with Disraeli, married Lady Mildred Cecil, a sister of the great (in girth and in leadership) Marquess of Salisbury. Mr. Balfour, of course, is Beresford Hope's nephew.

The Family Church.

By all that is appropriate, Miss Beresford Hope and her heroic flying fiancé should contrive a London wedding and add another couple of names to the voluminous registers of All Saints'. It is the family church; and London, just now, is more than ever interested in the men who have helped to keep the Zepps at bay. Babington's D.S.O.



TO MARRY SECOND LIEUTENANT JOSEPH NORMAN HALL : MISS GLADYS MARY EVELYN DYSART. Miss Dysart is the eldest daughter of the late Mr. Charles William Galway Dysart, of Draperstown, County Derry, Ireland.

Photograph by J. Thomson, Bedford.

The W.O. Whisper.

Although, by common consent of the printers, the War Minister appears on the posters as "K. of K.," that is not the title by which he is known at the War Office. Nor does Whitehall call him "Kitchener," or "the Old Man," or "the Chief"; he is simply "Lord K." to his Staff, and to his Staff's staff. "Lord K." it is who is always cropping up in the after-luncheon chat of highly placed officers, chat that is always much lower in tone than the ordinary talk of the smoking-room. The "War Office whisper" is becoming quite the thing at the

scription for England or the defence of London!

Arms-Giving.

Miss Dorothea Green, whose engagement to a Welby is announced, rejoices in the possession of Somerset Herald for uncle. Mr. Everard Green, the gentleman in question, has had a fairly long experience of the College of Arms. At one time he was known as Rouge Dragon Pursuivant, and, without exactly looking the part, bore it very well until such time as he received his present title. Insufferably learned in heraldry, he is, on all other topics, a delight-

fully easy and witty talker; but the alleged leisure that he and his fellows enjoy in Queen Victoria Street is, of course, an empty jest. Americans, with indisputable letters of introduction and hazy pedigrees, are sufficient in themselves to turn the life of any heraldry expert into a first-class torment. For all that, the Collegians are, notably good-humoured, and Everard Green would always be giving arms to needy cases if he had his own way.

Tea-Time Tribute.

Lady Hamilton has been a good deal in London during these anxious times. Even she, who has her own very special correspondent at the front, must feel the tension that exists all along the lines of personal communication during a period of critical fighting. The despatches of the war-correspondents, intensely interesting as they are, do very little to fill the gaps or tell the people at home just those things which they want to know. But London, probably, is better to live in than the country, for to London come, at one time or another, most of the wounded from Gallipoli. They all carry great news of Sir Ian. Like the old Scottish lady with whom he was taken to tea many years ago, they are particularly impressed by the gallantry of his bearing. "Thanks, my dear," said the old lady to their mutual friend, "for bringing me a hero who looks like a hero."



A WELL-KNOWN AVIATOR MARRIED: MAJOR AND MRS. G. I. CARMICHAEL LEAVING THE PARISH CHURCH, HAMPSTEAD. Major Carmichael, D.S.O., is in the Royal Artillery and the Royal Flying Corps, and was married recently to Miss K. W. Casterton Smith.

Photograph by Topical.



TO MARRY MISS GLADYS MARY EVELYN DYSART : SEC. LIEUTENANT JOSEPH NORMAN HALL.

Lieutenant Joseph Norman Hall is the eldest son of Mr. Joseph Hall, late of Burton Overy, Leicestershire, and is in the 9th York and Lancaster Regiment. His engagement to Miss Gladys M. E. Dysart, daughter of the late Mr. Charles W. G. Dysart, of Draperstown, is announced.

Photo. by J. Thomson, Bedford.

SNAPPED; AND BAGGED: WATERY WAR-NOVELTIES.



WILL IT INAUGURATE A NEW FASHION IN MILITARY PORTRAITURE? GENERAL BIRDWOOD (THE "ANZAC" LEADER) GETTING ON SWIMMINGLY OFF GALLIPOLI.

This unconventional portrait of General Birdwood, the gallant commander of the Australasian troops in Gallipoli, should give Society photographers a new idea. It shows the famous General taking a dip in the sea after a hard day's work. His services in Gallipoli, it will be remembered, have received a word of hearty praise

from Lord Kitchener, who said in his recent speech in the Lords: "General Birdwood and his staff have greatly distinguished themselves both in planning and conducting the operations of the Australian and New Zealand Corps, whose activities have been marked by constant success."—[Photograph by C.N.]



1. A BAG WHOSE OWNER CAN LAUGH AT GERMAN SUBMARINES: AN "EMERGENCY HOTEL" CARRIED IN THE HAND.

2. A BAG THAT WILL NOT SINK; WITH ITS OWNER INSIDE: A NORWEGIAN LIFE-SAVING DEVICE IN USE.

3. PACKED READY FOR THE GERMAN TORPEDO: THE LIFE-BAG WITH ITS OWNER INSIDE, PREPARED TO TAKE THE WATER.

These photographs illustrate an ingenious invention by a young Norwegian, Mr. John L. Edmund, to enable passengers on board ships wrecked or torpedoed to keep afloat till the arrival of help. Outwardly, it looks like an ordinary kit-bag, and can be used as such, but when required, it opens out below into a waterproof suit which, it is claimed, will keep its owner afloat in any sea for several days. Our correspondent

writes: "The bag when in the water need not be closed, for it will not sink. . . . The position of the occupant is one of perfect comfort, for he may stand upright, lean on the arms, or rest on the back or sides without danger of tipping. Food enough to last a number of days can be taken into the compartment. In short, it is an emergency hotel."—[Photographs by Underwood and Underwood.]



SIR PERCY SCOTT.

SIR PERCY SCOTT took on the gun defences of London at the psychological moment. That is to say, he took them on just as the average Londoner, in consultation with his wife, the nearest "special," and the retired Colonel who lives next door, had decided that nothing on earth could meet the new menace of the skies. Several citizens had seen a Zeppelin overhead on that famous Wednesday night; to some of them it had appeared no bigger than a thimble, to others it looked like a cigar, to others like a soda-water bottle, and yet again, to other few, it had seemed as long as the largest size in cucumbers. But on one point the spectators were agreed: while it cared to remain overhead, there was no way of dismissing it—it was out of range.

The Mysterious Personnel.

Sir Percy Scott has been in the habit of scattering professional misconceptions and prepossessions; and here, probably, was something more than a popular fallacy to deal with. The "mysterious personnel," as it has been called, of the anti-aircraft defences of London may be in no less need of instruction in matters of gunnery than the man in the street. But Percy Scott is not, we take it, up against the amateur, whether that amateur is in uniform or out of it. He is up against an interesting problem in gunnery, and up against the failure of first-rate marksmen (not all the members of the A.A.C. are amateurs) to hit a very difficult target.

Some Surprises.

It was not easy to gather from Mr. Balfour's well-turned answer to a question in the House why Sir Percy had not long ago been put in command of London's guns; but, taken as it stands, Sir Percy's advent is thoroughly characteristic of his whole career, and quite to his liking. He was always an eleventh-hour man. When, as Commander of the *Terrible*, he mounted his 47-inch guns on carriages that were conceived and built within twenty-four hours, and got them across country in time to save Ladysmith, he did what any well-educated naval expert would have told you was impossible. When, in 1896, the *Scylla* scored eighty per cent. hits in target practice—the old average being thirty-seven per cent.—the wisacres read her report with incredulity. When they did believe, they were at first inclined to look upon the ship and her Commander as freaks. Percy Scott was not bothered by either view. It mattered nothing to him whether the handsome and brave old gentlemen at the Admiralty believed him to be the De Rougemont or the master Poluski of the Fleet. He could repeat or break his own record at will, for the simple reason that it was the fruit, not of chance or of such a fluky thing as the human eye, but of science. The "dotter" and the "deflection teacher," otherwise known as the "ping-pong machine," were worked out in the lonely night-watches

of a man of brain. They had nothing whatever to do with Admiralty Boards or Commissioners. His inventions were his own, and put into practice without warning under his own eye on his own ship. Later on, three months before his promotion to the rank of Admiral, they were finally incorporated and given to the nation in the famous "director-firing" apparatus, for which he received thanks in the shape of a baronetcy. A grant of £2000 was the reward—save the mark!—of other important inventions; and he received his K.C.V.O. in consideration of the part he played in the scheming of the *Dreadnought*, the first of the all-big-gun ships.

A "Wash-Out." But Percy

Scott is afraid of no man, not even of himself; and he did not hesitate, on the eve of the war, to declare the impotency of the big ship. His letter to the *Times*, in which he foretold that above-water fleets would be swept off the seas by the submarine, was something of a bomb-shell from a man who had been associated with the perfection of big-ship gunnery.

The Mind-the-Paint Sailors.

He had made every vessel he had under him famous for its marksmanship. Even the *Good Hope*—the poor old *Good Hope* that went down under the guns of the *Scharnhorst*—seemed a mighty ship when he had her in command. An old mess-fellow of Prince Louis of Battenberg, he was also associated with "Jacky" Fisher in the early days; and it was with the return of that great man to the Admiralty that Sir Percy came out of his retirement and was nominated for "special service." With another school of sailor he had little sympathy. His famous signal at Portland, "Paintwork appears to be in more demand than gunnery," brought an old antagonism between the ornamental and the practical to a head. Percy Scott has a scientist's intolerance for outward shows.

Wait and See. He is the only

Admiral you could possibly mistake (in mufti) for Sir Oliver Lodge. He has the imaginative eye, and a thoughtful brow. When he is not at Ascot, he lives in Sou'-Sou'-West Audley Street, and knows his London well. That he now has something besides his pocket-handkerchief up his sleeve is an open secret; but it is not likely that every man in a white-topped peak-cap, with A.A.C. on his collar, knows the details. Percy Scott wants to take London, as well as the Zepps, by surprise. Sensational as have seemed, and as have been, many of his inventions and of his achievements, Sir Percy Scott, in all his life and in all his undertakings, has never been other than practical. He has literally invented a romance of science and translated it into actuality.



TO DEFEND LONDON AGAINST AIR-CRAFT ATTACK: ADMIRAL
SIR PERCY MORETON SCOTT, K.C.B., K.C.V.O., LL.D.

Photograph by Elliott and Fry.

A TRANSPARENT CASE OF "TU QUOQUE."



THE FIRST DWELLER IN GLASS-HOUSES (to her companion) Goodness gracious! That bathing-suit! How perfectly shocking!

DRAWN BY A. K. MACDONALD.



PARTRIDGES AND PIMPERNEL. BY MARTHE TROLY-CURTIN.

(Author of "Phrynette and London" and "Phrynette Married.")

I LIKE those stampless letters with "field post office" printing itself on them in a black circle—in spite of the pink triangle that shows other eyes than mine have puzzled over their hieroglyphic pencilling. Why, it takes *me*, who am interested and intelligent, three or four readings before I can grasp what those shiny violet signs really mean! No, 'tis not true, 'tis merely a pretext to read them all over again!

I was much amused in the partridge-shooting from the trenches, in sight of the enemy lines. Was it not rather a dangerous game? Was the risk worth a dish of partridge?—

Si le Colonel savait ça, savait ça!
Oh, la, la!!!!

Perhaps this may not be a drawing-room song. I don't know. I heard a *poilu* sing it, but he always stopped at the *oh, la, la*, and smiled. What if you had bagged the birds?—who would have prepared them for you? Where could you have hung them? You know that the keen game-taster ties the bird up to a beam by the legs and then waits until it drops down of its own (if not sweet) will, and it is then said to be "ripe" for eating. Game—like love—is the most appreciated when it begins to go, as Mrs. Luck says in her cookery book.

One of you, fighting friends, is amiable enough to be interested in my nationality—yes, of course, French, why? Are you astonished at my beautiful spelling? Ah, but I have a little secret ensuring successful spelling, simple, very, but infallible! When in doubt, make a *blot*. Is Cornel spelt like this, with one *r*—or like that, Kernell, or Colonel, as in French? Never mind, my faithful Swan to the rescue!—and the rest to the discretion of the young lady who typewrites for me. She has a lot. Though discretion is a somewhat superfluous virtue now that all the men are gone. However—discretion is the best part of value, as you say in English.

You must not think that you are the only ones to have your sport and your thrills. We have had first nights, and Zepp nights, and "Five Nights" on the film. We have had "The Scarlet Pimpernel," the dear, dashing, indefatigable Pimpernel with spies and traps, and passports, refugees, and the booming of gun—ever an up-to-date play, as you see—and the magnetic man and woman who have only to laugh for you to love them, and to sigh for you to be sad. They had a big, thundering success on Saturday night, and then, you see, their son, Denis Terry, is among you, friends at the front, and his absence is a double strain on the mother and the artist. If you see this, Mr. Denis, let me say to you how I admire your brave and beautiful mother.

The same week I saw a Zepp. I have no merit in it, really; yet, I felt quite important; well, it is not everybody who sees them. As a rule, Zepps manage to be safely *imperceptible* (no, it's not Mr. Sims', 'tis my own! too much excitement!) I was with the Imp and someone else in a cinematograph theatre somewhere here—"safe enough as a description," as the wife said to her husband, who had

been on his own for a little trip to Italy. He had forgotten the name of the hotel he stayed at in Rome, but he volunteered it was on a piazza with a fountain about. Well, then, we were in a cinematograph theatre, and just when the villains were shooting at one another, we heard, not *piff, paff*, which is the language of polite pistols, but *boom, boom*, and, again, *boom*. You know the sound

better than I do. "Why, it is outside," said someone, "let's go and have a peep!" In the hall the manager said there was a raid just overhead, but if we went downstairs we would be safe from the debris of shell if a bomb fell. "Yes," said the Imp, "and miss zee show!" for she meant the sky-show, not the screen-show. So, out we went to gaze and gape, and up there it was, with the searchlights full on it, suspended in mid-air as it seemed to me, but travelling some sixty miles an hour, wise people said. There were not only wise people about, some were quite frivolous and amusing. Said one Belgian soldier to his pal, who was staring upwards with all his might and wide mouth.

"Close your beak, *mon vieux*, you might swallow the next bomb!" Then, when the Zepp had disappeared from our disappointed glance, we noticed in the direction an orange mist, which someone said was not daybreak, as I suggested, but a fire. So we went to see the fire. It was the hour at which theatres close, but many people went supperless that night. Quite a crowd in evening-dress soon streamed in their cars, in taxi-cabs, and *pedibus cum jambis* towards—I censor myself, you know, it saves Him some of the work. I feel so sorry for him. I wonder who sharpens his blue pencil for his cramped fingers.

And so we saw the fire, and the firemen. I love firemen, don't you?—

they are so brave and look so clean; they have an air of Roman Legions, flying past you in their cars. Not really, of course; but I admire them so. I could very easily have fallen in love with a fireman—but no soldier ever proposed to me. So I still smoulder sadly.

There was such an amusing medley moving about in the glow. Women in evening-cloaks and white foxes, and women whose waterproof hid their nightgown, and little Mary Anns in hair-curlers, who had already got between blankets and had forgotten to remove them—curlers, of course. And there was a dear old Daddy, with five grown-up daughters—unless he was a Mormon or a contraband Pasha. Collarless, but solemn, and full of goodwill, he said to the female herd around him: "Well, little dears, you have seen enough; we might as well go back to bed. I don't suppose we can do much good here." Is it not touching?

And we came back slowly home in the beautiful warm night, thinking how superior we should feel in the morning to the people who had slept on their two ears and missed it all.

THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER.

The last rose of
summer,
She languishes lone.
Her lovely
companions
Have packed, and are
gone.
There is none to
commend her,
For none passes by;
No maidens to envy,
And, sorrowing, sigh!



"LEFT BLOOMING ALONE."

DRAWN BY C. E. PETO.

SOME NAILING GOOD IDEAS FOR GERMANY.



POSSIBLE GERMAN WAR MEMORIALS: SUGGESTED DEVELOPMENTS ON THE LINES OF THE HINDENBURG.
AND WEDDIGEN MODELS.

We offer, free of charge, to the enemy the above designs of our Artist for some new war monuments in the accepted German manner. It will be recalled that a colossal wooden statue of Marshal von Hindenburg has been erected in Berlin. The original

idea was that the public should drive nails into it, at so much a head, but this was altered. Nail-driving is part of the programme, however, with the wooden model of the "U 9" which Herr Krupp and his wife are setting up at Kiel in honour of Lieutenant von Weddigen.

DRAWN BY G. E. STUDDY.



By CARMEN OF COCKAYNE.

Sensible Hairdressing.

Between coiffure and frock there has always been an intimate connection. In fact, it is generally possible to deduce from any given style of hairdressing the sartorial fashion of the day, just as a biologist can reconstruct an extinct monster from a fragment of bone.

The dress exaggerations in the reign of George III. found an echo in the monstrous styles representing towers, fully rigged ships, coaches, and so forth, with which the *mondaines* of the time burdened their long-suffering heads. The mood of to-day is serious, and so every hair of a smart woman's head radiates practicality. Rigid, discreet, "good," the hairdressing of the moment typifies women's stern resolve to eschew fruitless frivolity until the storm and stress of war are over. Not even the remorseless Biblical critics of the elaborate coiffure could find fault with the puritanically severe head of the fashionable woman of to-day.

Symbolism in Hair.

Suspended from an ivory ring is this bag of dark blue satin, embroidered with gold elephants.

so foolish nor so inconsequent as she is often painted. Whatever the work in which woman may be engaged, La Mode lays it down as an axiom that she must always look the part. Are there not already numbers of charmingly symbolical "craft" frocks especially designed for the woman busied in occupations of the rudiments of which, until a few months ago, she knew absolutely nothing? And, with a fine sense of the fitness of things, fashion decrees that our hairdressing shall match the rather uncompromising severity of our day frocks, the style of which, in turn, is determined by the grimly businesslike outlook on life. So curls, waves, ringlets, puffs—all are, for the moment, laid aside; and your fashionable woman draws her hair tightly upwards, does her best to conceal Nature's generosity in the matter of locks, and subtly conveys the suggestion that she has no time to waste on her head.

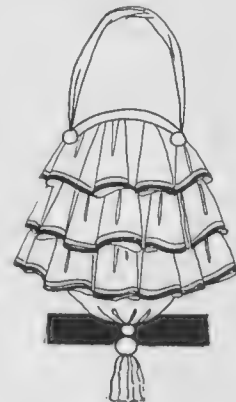
Soft Styles for Idle Hours.

But not every moment is taken up with work, and, of course, some heads are far from suggesting that each particular hair is at an uncomfortable state of tension. Waved dressings there are, softly parted at one side and draped over the ears; others mount upwards, in a series of ripples, to the summit of the crown, where the ends, neatly tucked out of sight, are held in place by an exquisite comb or pin of finely carved tortoiseshell. In the seclusion of the boudoir or the bedroom, too, the Spartan coiffure goes to the wall and general fluffiness reigns in its stead. For the "boudoir reception" and the "Rest Day" causerie, a special hairdressing

is just as essential as the fascinating *nègligés* expressly designed for such occasions; and, safe from censorious critics, woman yields herself to the seductions of plaits and bows, waves, curls, and ringlets which serve to enhance the beauty of the billows of chiffon and frothy masses of lace appropriate to the entertainment in question. The result, as depicted by Dolores, makes further description unnecessary. There are rumours that the hard high-topped hats will lead to the return of a softer method of arranging the hair than at present prevails; but that is a point for the future to settle.

The Ascent of the Collar. High and ever higher soars the collar, following faithfully in the wake of the ascending coiffure, and the smartness of gown or blouse is measured by the inches of which the collar can boast.

Some of its phases are pictured on this page. Up to the ears and above them it goes, fitting gorget-wise around the neck, and supporting maybe a pleated frill of organdi or linen; or, again, forming a spreading background for the head, leaving a cross-bar of velvet to guard the front of the throat. Black moiré stabs its way through finest organdi, and Brussels net allied with skunk strikes no incongruous note. Indeed, the union of fur and the finest of substances is a feature of the collar of the times. Another idea is to decorate white collars with scroll and floral designs in black linen thread, others are outlines with the popular chess-board pattern, not a few show cravats of pleated muslin and lace, and the long double points of a somewhat fantastic specimen curl upwards and backwards until the hat-brim bars further progress. Reversing the usual order of things, you sometimes find the neatest and flattest of black moiré bows perched on a field of white at the nape of the neck.



"Long, attenuated bags are decked with frills to atone for their slender proportions."



"In the seclusion of the boudoir or the bedroom, too, the Spartan coiffure goes to the wall and general fluffiness reigns in its stead."

Handbag's Fight for Life.

Though its rival the pocket is making a spirited bid for popularity, the handbag clings to the place won for itself during the uncomfortable years of hobble skirts and scanty draperies. Sometimes it is severely plain, making up in richness of material what it lacks in elaboration of style. Black suède with a diamond name-brooch pinned carelessly athwart its side produces an effect practical and pleasing. Long, attenuated bags are decked with frills to atone for their slender proportions, and others of brocade attract by sheer richness of material and colouring. Dolores shows one of Oriental inspiration. The mounts are ivory, the material dark-blue satin, with golden elephants embroidered thereon. No matter what differences they may show in detail, the handbags of to-day have at least one characteristic in common—that of practical utility.



"High and ever higher soars the collar, following faithfully in the wake of the ascending coiffure."



Having a clerical effect, this black velvet cravat supports a high collar of lawn bordered with pale grey.



A black velvet band encircling the throat, and forming a cross-bar in front, makes an effective finish to the collarless blouse.



DAINTY AND INEXPENSIVE BLOUSES

Designed and made by our own workers from materials that we can recommend with the utmost confidence.

BLOUSE (as sketch) adapted from an exclusive Paris Model, in rich quality Crêpe de Chine. Set in with large pleats, and new collar and fronts of fine faced cloth in contrasting shades, self buttons.

PRICE
29/6

FUR RENOVATIONS AND REMODELLING.

Many ladies who under ordinary circumstances would have purchased new furs, will this Season probably determine to have their old furs renovated and remodelled. As the new Winter Models are ready, customers can rely on their furs being remodelled in the newest shapes and at particularly moderate prices.

**Debenham
& Freebody**

Wigmore Street,
(Covendish Square) London, W.

Fashionable Furs at War Prices

OWING to the European War there has been a remarkable fall in the price of skins, as none of this season's pelts have found their way to the Continental Markets, consequently the International Fur Store has taken advantage of this exceptional opportunity by purchasing a large quantity of high-grade skins at remarkably low prices, and the outstanding feature of this season will be the exceptionally low prices of the Company's Furs.

The Garment illustrated is a typical example of the many charming models to be found in the enormous stock of Fashionable Furs at 163 & 165, Regent Street, and it demonstrates the extremely moderate prices charged at this establishment for Furs of high quality.

The
**INTERNATIONAL
FUR STORE**

"The World-famed House
for the Finest Furs."

163 & 165, REGENT STREET W



Furs can be sent
on approval in
Town or Country

This exceptionally attractive Coat is the very latest thing in Musquash, the skins being so dyed and worked as to resemble Sable. Made of good reliable skins in three-quarter length with the ample Skirt that is now the vogue, and lined rich coloured Satin. Price **£35**

"Fashions in Furs" 1915-1916,
post free on application.



**Decrease
your weight
- Increase
your Beauty**

ALMOST every woman as she enters her thirties is faced with one of two evils—either she grows thin and angular, or, far more disastrous to her appearance, she begins to put on flesh so

rapidly that in a few years, if not sooner, she looks old enough to be her own mother. For the thin woman the tailor and dressmaker can do much; for the over-fat one neither can do anything. The woman who is afflicted with that beauty-destroying complaint, obesity, must set herself to effect a cure or once and for all renounce any claims to grace, beauty and youth.

Until recently a cure for obesity, no matter how expensive, had to be accompanied by a strict régime in diet, and anything and everything the "patient" liked was invariably taboo.

To-day a woman can reduce her weight by a simple, harmless and quick means which is also (a great advantage in these days) inexpensive.

Clynol Berries

To reduce your weight quickly, easily, and without the slightest injury to your constitution, you have only to eat one of these little brown berries three times a day, after meals. There will be no wrinkling of the skin, no ugly little crowfeet and lines forming as you grow thinner, for these berries have a tonic effect on the muscles and brace up the whole system, reducing the weight gradually, so that the flesh remains firm and the muscles taut.

Also the result will be permanent, and the patient, once her weight is reduced, will preserve her dainty slimmness without the need of continuing the treatment.

NO CHANGE IN DIET.

There will be no necessity for a change in diet. Anything and everything may be eaten in moderate quantity.

DO IT NOW.

At the first sign of the approach of the enemy, obesity, attack him with a few Clynol Berries. Do not wait until he has firmly entrenched himself. Make his defeat sure and swift.

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A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL

MADemoisELLE LOUISE.

By F. A. SYMONS.

MADemoisELLE LOUISE and I had been friends for many a day before war broke—in fact, had I not known full well that Jacques Lemarte, of the Cuirassiers, was first in her heart, I should have aspired to more than friendship. It was, however, the latter or nothing; and when Captain Lemarte marched off with his regiment on that memorable day in August, I loitered on in the little French town with no thought but that of possibly being of help to the girl in an hour of need. As an American, I was a free agent.

It is her eyes which are Mademoiselle's greatest charm. Of a deep blue, with unduly long lashes, demure, mischievous, tender, or appealing, as the mood of the moment may elect, it would be a clever man indeed who could gauge her heart through their depths.

The capture of the town a month later was a complete surprise. The occupation was accomplished with comparative quietness. Nevertheless, it was none the less intensely unwelcome to me. In name, I am a neutral. At heart, I love the Huns no more than other men.

The German officers, seizing upon all the best houses, billeted themselves in luxury. The cafés, forced to open and cater to their thirst, appeared as usual. My own favourite café, however, became distasteful to me. For some reason or other, my nationality at that time seemed to call for special polite overtures from the braggarts who haunted the place. I found it, indeed, difficult to avoid them without giving offence.

The room which I usually patronised for *déjeuner*, being divided by screens, permits of a certain degree of privacy. One morning, after the town had more or less accepted the new order of things, three German officers entered and ensconced themselves in the compartment next to mine. Without particular intention, I found myself indolently listening to the burr of their voices.

I was by no means interested in their swaggering talk. When, however, I heard the name of Mademoiselle Louise being freely used within a yard of me, my indolence was changed to rapt attention.

I easily recognised the voices. The disputants, all three, were billeted in the château of Louise's widowed mother. I knew that, so far, the girl had avoided their attentions with cleverness. Concealing her hate for the brutes, she had, by her woman's wit, escaped much which, otherwise, might have forced me into interference. Had one of the invaders occupied the château alone, there would certainly have been trouble. It was the safety of numbers which, hitherto, had saved the situation.

One, a little fat man, with the manners of a pig, was a Lieutenant Shneider. The other two, both handsome men in their way, gave their names as Captain Schwarz and Baron von Bauer. All three were of a Bavarian Uhlan regiment.

Thinking, no doubt, that they were alone, their voices presently became louder and more intolerant.

Shneider soon held the attention of the others. Calling for three glasses of cognac, he began to speak impressively.

"Here, then," he said, kicking aside his sword scabbard, "is my proposition. We are all competitors for the French girl. At present we are decidedly in each other's way. The girl herself shall decide."

"H'm!" grunted the Baron. "*Sehr gut!*"

"*Ganz gut!*" echoed Schwarz. "She cannot belong to all three of us. I have reason to think that you will have to resign yourselves to disappointment. Nevertheless, I have no objection to your asking the girl."

"*Ach!*" ejaculated the fat Lieutenant. "It is true that I, for one, have no title like you, Baron; but I have—well, one does not boast of these things. Time will tell. I suggest that we each take a chance with the girl in turn. Let us take three days each. I have won women in less time."

"An excellent plan," agreed the Baron. "But how shall we decide whose turn shall be first?"

"Cards," grunted Shneider. "We will play a game of——"

"*Écarté*," interrupted the Baron. "Each can play one game against one of the others. The highest number of points wins first turn."

"*Gut!*" gurgled Shneider. "And whoever comes second in points shall have second turn."

"It is agreed, then?" cried the Baron.

"*Ach—so,*" said Schwarz, nodding his close-cropped head.

At that opportune moment a parade bugle sounded. With dexterous promptitude, I slipped through the door leading to the street.

After much thought I determined, for the time being, to say nothing to Mademoiselle. But I made up my mind to visit the château more frequently than before. Had I been French, the Germans concerned would no doubt have thrown me out. As it was, they were obliged to feign politeness.

Mademoiselle's constant affability to all sorts and conditions of men has led me at times to expostulations with her. She says she prefers to be pleasant, and that it commits one to nothing. Much as she loathed the enemy, the habit did not in those days desert her.

I haunted the café most of that day. I expected the game of *écarté* to be played at the first opportunity.

It was late afternoon before the competitors returned. Sauntering across the room, I bowed politely, and boldly seated myself beside the trio. As was only to be expected, no word of the stakes for which they played was mentioned.

"*Ah—écarté,*" I drawled. "May I watch?"

"*Ya,*" assented the Baron. "*Warum nicht?*"

The fat Shneider chuckled. There was, it seemed, a hidden joke. I did not join them in their grim amusement. Nevertheless, it was not lost upon me.

"The highest cards play first," declared Schwarz. "*Cut!*"

Shneider cut a four; the others each a king.

Shneider coolly lit a cigar.

"I save my kings until the last," he grunted.

The Baron and Schwarz cut for a deal, without a word. The latter won. No time was wasted. They were evidently experienced players, and the earnestness with which they competed augured badly for the peace of mind of the poor girl whom they had chosen for the stakes.

Schwarz asked for no cards. The Baron took two.

"Hearts are trumps. I play the Queen of trumps—a significant card, Herr Baron!" guffawed Schwarz.

The Baron was found with only one small trump. He muttered a curse, and threw his cards viciously. He did not win a trick.

"It is not worth a single regret, my dear Baron," intervened Shneider. "Believe me, the final result would have been the same, had you won the game. Like Schwarz, I do not boast, but"—his glance meeting mine, he checked himself with an effort—"well, we shall see what we shall see."

The fat Lieutenant's conceit was deliciously naïve. My desire to kick him was disappearing before deeper feelings. He obviously believed, in all honesty, that he had proved irresistible to Mademoiselle. What Louise would do to him, to what peculiarly feminine torture she would submit him, when I had related my story to her I could but imagine.

"Come," cried Schwarz, now flushed with success, "it lies now, Shneider, between you and me. *Cut!*"

With an air of insufferable nonchalance, the fat little coxcomb did as he was bidden, and cut a knave. Schwarz's card was the Queen of Hearts.

"*Hah!*" exclaimed the latter with delight. "The Queen of Hearts is again mine. I deal."

I began to be acutely interested. Schwarz won the game by a point. He rose to his feet, quivering with excitement.

"To-day is the first of September," he cried. "I will—er—report progress upon the Queen of Hearts on the fourth." He smiled at each in turn, and twirled his moustache. In the meanwhile, you can amuse each other."

The Baron rose in silent anger. Shneider, superciliously lifting his eyebrows, clanked off into the street. The next moment the victor, ignoring me, left the café also.

[Continued overleaf.]

EX-ASPIRATING!



THE RAIDER (to his victim): Horful thing these 'ere hair raids, Sir!

DRAWN BY ALFRED LEE.

I hurried to the château. Mademoiselle was alone. My tale was soon told. I had not expected her to laugh, but, knowing her dare-devil moods, was not surprised when she did. The fat Lieutenant's assurance especially seemed to afford her intense satisfaction. Had he, however, seen into the depths of her eyes, as I then saw them in the afterglow of sunset, he would, had he been wise, have paused to consider.

"As a start," I said angrily, "it appears you are destined to be persecuted, perhaps threatened, by that poisonous hog for a period of three days. What do you propose to do? Shall I kick the whole lot of them, and face the consequences?"

"*Mon cher*, you will do absolutely nothing, please," she whispered. "In this little affair I see much—moments so replete with romance that I cannot bring myself to take the safer course and flee from my suitors." She laughed mirthlessly. "Wait, M'sieu! Have patience, *mon cher*. Give me time to think."

"I don't like it, M'moiselle," I argued earnestly. "To be exploited by enemies of their calibre in such a cold-blooded fashion is far from a joke. It is the beginning of tragedy. It is playing with deadly fire."

Mademoiselle's eyes flashed ominously.

"Quite so, M'sieu!" she breathed. "It is tragedy. That is why I must have time to think. Is it only the men of France who dare face fire?" Pressing her lips tightly together, her face flushed to her eyebrows. "I promise you they will not be so cold-blooded to a finish, M'sieu."

I was filled with fear, but I was sufficiently well acquainted with Mademoiselle to be aware that further interference at the moment would do no good.

During the days which followed Captain Schwarz, when off duty, shadowed Mademoiselle morning, noon, and night. To all outward appearance, she enjoyed every moment of his society. Had she appeared in public with him her friends would have been horrified. My hands tingled to shake him. I expostulated volubly with her. Her ripple of meaningless laughter had to be sufficient answer for me. She would not discuss matters. She evidently meant the game to be her own. I had no option but to bear it as best I could.

My sole comfort at that time lay in the faces of the Germans. Desire, thwarted and desperate, held the Baron in its grip. And it was easy to see that even the fat Shneider's contentment was shaken more than a little.

Schwarz's jubilation increased daily. By the time the three days were up his beady eyes and oily countenance had assumed the satisfaction of an accepted lover. There was no concealment in the flashes from his eyes as his glance dwelt upon Mademoiselle. I began to see daylight. If ever a man was irreclaimably in the throes of genuine, mad love, that was he. Mademoiselle, reading my thoughts, shot a speaking glance at me from beneath long lashes. At that moment I wished no greater punishment for her victim than what I saw.

Louise and I managed to speak together that evening.

"He has had his three days," she explained suddenly. "He is now upon the shelf, is it not so?" She sighed wearily. "Whose turn did you say it was next, M'sieu Adrian?"

"Lieutenant Shneider's—confound him!" I answered angrily. "But what have you said to the Captain?"

For some seconds she meditatively twirled a ring about her finger. Then her eyes slowly met mine, and her mouth hardened.

"My next private appointment with M'sieur le Capitaine is for next week," she smiled. "I have every reason to think, *mon cher*, that he loves me truly."

"But, Louise," I cried, my heart suddenly sinking, "surely you cannot love a German? It is preposterous!"

"Sh—sh!" she whispered, with a laugh, placing her hand on mine. "If you make such a noise, my plans will be ruined. My arrangements with him are confidential."

With a groan, I sank back in my chair. I trusted her, but did she understand what the license of war might mean?

"Ah," murmured Mademoiselle, stiffening her lithe figure, "here comes the irresistible Lieutenant himself. He is probably hunting for me." She sighed tragically. "*Au revoir, mon cher*. The second campaign begins."

Shneider, swaggering into the room, met the girl's smile with a satisfied twirl of his moustache. His bombastic assurance nearly drove me to a frenzy. Clenching my fists, I sought the garden.

For the next three days Mademoiselle conscientiously repeated her programme. Afraid to speak, I could but trust her woman's astuteness.

Shneider's colossal conceit undoubtedly prolonged the process of his complete subjugation. Nevertheless, it came at last. By the time his three days were finished he would have given his soul for her.

Mademoiselle again spared me an hour in the garden. She was looking wan, and, for the moment, wretched. I pleaded a change

of scene. She could not escape from the town, but if she could conceal herself in a friend's house for a few days her persecutors might be summoned to the trenches. She shook her head decisively.

"Well?" I persisted hotly. "Why not? What have you arranged otherwise?"

"A private appointment in the evening next week, M'sieu," she answered quietly.

"Are you stark, staring mad?" I cried.

"I don't think so, M'sieu," she replied. "At all events, I do not feel mad. As M'sieu le Capitaine stipulated for an assignation next week, I consider that it is only fair to the others that the same privilege should be granted to all three."

I stared incredulously. The corners of her mouth were quivering. I knew that mood well.

"H'm," I grunted. "Do you mean to tell me that you intend to continue this awful business for another three days?"

"*Mais oui*, M'sieu Adrian," she answered firmly. "And with a clandestine meeting to follow, as well. Still, *mon cher*, I see no reason why this, the final encounter, should not be completed under the specified time. M'sieu le Baron would even now do anything for me. When I hint at my preference for him, it will be done—*voilà!*"

It was for the following Monday that Mademoiselle had arranged her meetings. On the morning of that day she left a note for me at my rooms. Her request in itself was simple enough. I was to locate myself behind a buttress of the church of St. Joseph at nine o'clock in the evening, and wait for her. What my rôle was to be was another matter.

I did not fail to obey my orders, nor did I neglect to slip a revolver in my pocket. It was a dark night. Here and there a star-shell from the artillery fitfully illumined the clouds, and now and again the shriek of a shell in the middle distance accentuated the misery of the night.

St. Joseph's lies on the eastern outskirts of the town. At that hour the locality was deserted. Except for the tread of military feet over the *pavé* in the distance, I seemed to be alone. Beneath the shadow of a buttress I was absolutely hidden.

I had not long to wait. As the clock struck nine a cloaked figure, on the arm of a German officer, crossed the square and halted within three yards of my position.

I had no doubt who they were. Mademoiselle's figure was unmistakable, and Baron von Bauer made no attempt to conceal his bulk. Listening, I hardly dared to breathe. For the moment the noise of guns drowned all conversation. Then a man's footsteps, approaching from the opposite direction, intervened. The newcomer was Schwarz.

Fifteen seconds later, the sound of guttural words of anger reached me. Then came the girl's voice, in the sharp, derisive accents.

"If you were a Frenchman, M'sieu le Baron, you would challenge him and shoot on the spot."

"Challenge?" hissed Schwarz. "It is I who challenge. You are promised to me."

In the silence which followed I distinctly heard two revolvers cocked. It was Mademoiselle, however, who first spoke.

"Fire!" she cried.

The shots which rang out were instantaneous. An anguished cry rent the stillness, and a body, stumbling some yards backwards, fell headlong, almost at my feet.

On the point of rushing out upon the scene, I suddenly drew back.

The figure of Shneider, fat, short, and grunting, shot into the arena, barged past my corner, and halted with an exclamation of dismay.

"Protect me—oh, protect me!" cried Mademoiselle, running towards him. "I came to meet you, but your two friends were here instead. They have fought a duel, and shot each other." She laughed wildly, hysterically. "There is nobody left for you to shoot."

Before Shneider had time to collect his scattered wits and examine the bodies, she was gone.

Following stealthily, I caught her up at the far corner of the church, and seized her arm. Her whole body was quivering with sobs.

"It was for France," she stammered.

"But, in heaven's name, what was it all about?" I questioned, as I hurried her into a side-street.

"I made them madly jealous; that was all, M'sieu," she whispered hoarsely. "I had arranged for the whole three, but the two both fell, and there was nobody left for the pig of a Lieutenant."

"Ah!" I grunted, looking over my shoulder. "You have been mad. You must be hidden without delay. That will be my business."

"As you will, M'sieu," she murmured, her body swaying limply towards me. "It was all that a woman could do, M'sieu."

THE END.

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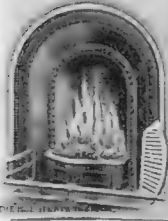
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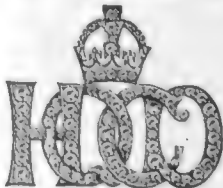
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WOMAN'S WAYS

THE LITERARY LOUNGER

The Lighter Side of War.

In the most remote parts of Scotland, where gallant Highlanders are drilling assiduously and the whole coast and countryside are dotted and trimmed with camps, one sees also, occasionally, the lighter side of war. I look out of my window, giving on to a view which can hardly be matched in Norway, and discover Staff Officers sitting on rugs on the lawn, explaining the military situation to two beautiful young creatures and an attentive bulldog. Dog-carts drive up containing Seaforth's or Camerons in tartan trews tucked into riding-boots, and presently orderlies appear leading shining chargers. One of the lovely creatures, who is booted and spurred, is now snatched away from us, and disappears, curvetting down the long avenue, escorted by two cavaliers. Next a motor-car whirls up to the front door, and another Uniform demands the presence of the ladies at the military sports to be held next day ten miles off. The small sons of the house are mighty strategists and skilled bomb-throwers; nor can you succeed in holding the trench which your bedroom represents if they are minded to use it as a means of reaching that of the enemy. Even the baby, a fairy-girl of four, has views about the German Emperor which can hardly be committed to paper. The whole atmosphere of this part of the island breathes indomitable resolve to win; the quips and fun, the games and sports, all show that spirit. "Britain," said a very remarkable Englishman to me the other day, "has only just taken off her coat. If necessary, she will take off various other garments which may impede her action." As a matter of fact, being at last awake, we can afford to play a bit, because we are in deadly earnest.

The Scottish-Phœnicians.

On the Highlander of an ancient line many gifts are sometimes bestowed, among others, that of clairvoyance, of seeing things hidden from other people. Now and then the gift takes the form of remembrance of former lives, among strange, exotic peoples. In this stately modern house—modern of the time of Prince Charlie and Culloden—where ancestors in perukes and powder look down on the passing scene, there are two Scottish girls who are not only their charming selves, but are, at the same time, Phœnicians of a marked type. They can not only write and talk the language (without having learned it), but are inspired to write verses and romances about that remote people from the East who undoubtedly colonised both Ireland and North Scotland. They look their best, of an evening, in heavy gold ear-rings, strange head-dresses, and glittering scarves twisted round their slim figures. They dance with beautiful gestures, swinging chased swords above their heads, or with quick, fierce, whirling movements, in which daggers fly from one hand to the other. They compose strange verses concerning warriors and slaves, set to music which contains all the purple and blue of the Mediterranean.

What They Once Were.

The taller girl—she with the raven-black hair and such eyes as are not seen in these northern islands—was, I take it, once a Phœnician youth. Her "inspired" songs are of marching and fighting; she has none of the suave submission proper to a maiden of those remote times. The other—small, dainty, exquisite—must always have been a woman. She may have been a Princess or a slave, but one inclines to the theory of the Princess. Both are in piquant and original contrast to the British matron and the matter-of-fact modern girl. Yet one of my Phœnicians drives a motor for wounded soldiers, the other is an expert knitter. They do not disdain the useful crafts of to-day. Only, they remember.

ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON

A Jockey in the Making.

Little Tod Sloan was very little indeed when he took his first ride. It was at "the funeral of a boy who was drowned in a flood through being reckless. I wanted to see him buried, but as the cemetery was a long way off, and I was late, I 'stole' a horse—that is to say, I borrowed him out of a livery stable near where I was working. He was a grey, I remember—and the stirrup-leathers were shortened by a chum of mine to the last hole, and even then they were too long! So I had to tuck my feet into the leather loops. How I got round my corner when the grey wanted to go round his is something I shall never forget."

The Return.

Tod got there, but the real excitement began with the journey home. He had left his grey sniffing contemptuously and champing grass; "when I got back to him his contempt seemed to have increased. Whether it was the sour grass, or that he really wanted to be stretched out at a gallop, I don't know. The difficulty was to mount. The grey firmly refused his help; at last I made one dash for it, but before I could get either on or off, he had raced away with me. I was embracing his neck! I got my right foot through the leather, but the other hung down. I did not dare to drop off, for that would have been certain suicide. . . . Everyone yelled to me to stick on. . . . I swore to myself that if I ever got off alive, I would only look for a horse after that in a Zoological Gardens.

Rôle of Balloon Boy.

But years after he was showing the way home along an English track on another grey. And he remembered that odd experience as he did so, and laughed to himself till the jockey running him second shouted with exasperation at the fancied jeer: "You haven't won yet!" From Western America to the English racecourse was a long road, and its incidents make this volume entertaining reading. He was attached for some time to a travelling showman with a balloon; but they parted brass-rags when his master proposed to vary a turn by dropping him out of his balloon with a parachute. Joining his brother, who was jockey of a stable, he still shied at riding. A horse was the only thing that could frighten him, and though, after a few gallops without a fall, he did get a mount in a race sometimes, his name was a byword among trainers. Sloan's riding was handicap enough for any horse.

Origin of the "Monkey Mount."

One day his mount started to bolt. In trying to pull him up, "I got up out of the saddle and on to his neck. Penny started laughing at the figure I cut, and I laughed louder than he, but I couldn't help noticing that, when I was doing that neck-crouch, the horse's stride seemed to be freer, and that it was easier for me, too." That was the beginning of the crouch-seat, and after experiments, in the face of much discouragement, "at last I began to win races."

Success in Excelsis.

And thus he rode straight into a world of brilliant contrasts. He had left the balloonist carrying under one arm his wardrobe of "a shirt waist, and a pair of stockings." Not so long after, his valets were packing his trunks for Europe with a matter of five thousand pounds' worth of tie-pins alone. And he had a pretty fancy in shoes, carrying eighteen pairs on a small journey. When his girl friends looked enviously at the elegant things, he was safe to offer them any they could get on their feet, for they were size one-and-a-half! Yet even he, realising that khaki is the only wear, figures in the uniform of the French Red Cross in his latest portrait.

"Tod Sloan." By Himself. (Grant Richards; 15s. net.)



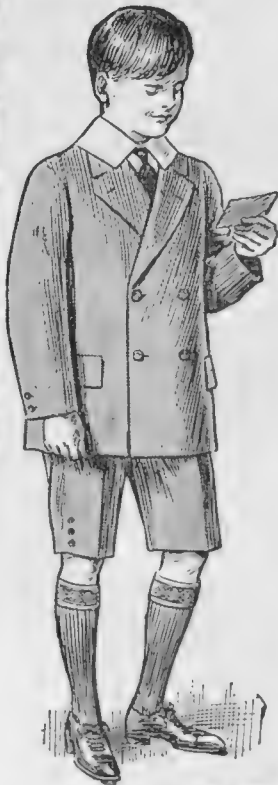
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Photograph by Rita Martin.

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A simple, easy method which any Lady can use at Home, and quickly rid herself for ever of this humiliating affliction

By KATHRYN B. FIRMIN.

I was deeply humiliated by superfluous hair, which seemed to steadily increase, and became more hideous as I grew older, and I cannot find words to tell you how good I felt, and what a terrible load was lifted off my mind when I finally realised that the unsightly growth had disappeared for ever. Before achieving this happy result I had tried many advertised remedies, but found to my sorrow that if they removed the hair at all it was for a short time only, and the hairs soon reappeared—stronger and thicker than ever. Even the electric needle was tried upon my skin, and I endured a great deal of pain from its use, but simply met with disappointment. I had spent so much time and money on these various

hated superfluous hair returned, I realised I had truly made a most marvellous discovery. The wonderful transformation in my appearance caused comment among my friends, and they thought that a veritable miracle had been wrought. When I divulged to them the secret I had discovered they tried the same method on their own skins, with equally effective and permanent results. They told me in guarding this secret I was withholding a great boon from womankind, and urged that I should tell others, so that all afflicted women might benefit by my discovery. One of the most eminent chemists of Paris examined the treatment, and gave it the highest endorsement. A prominent society lady



"A horrible hairy mask ruined my face. For years I was humiliated and ashamed, with a beard like a man."

"Now my superfluous hair has completely disappeared, and my face is soft, fair and smooth. You can accomplish the same permanent results without trouble or inconvenience of any kind."

methods that I was in despair, and almost ready to give up, thinking that I must suffer for ever from this terrible affliction. It was then that I chanced to learn of a device by which the women of ancient Rome had completely rid themselves of superfluous hair. With this idea in mind I began a series of careful experiments in an effort to wrest this hidden secret from the past. At last my efforts were crowned with success, for I discovered a method entirely different from anything I had ever seen. I used it on my own skin, and it quickly removed all my superfluous hair without the slightest vestige of pain or discomfort. I was delighted, but feared that some sight of the hair might return. After a few weeks had passed I noticed that my skin still remained clear, soft and white; and as the months slipped by and not the slightest trace of the

who used this method some time ago now says: "Your treatment is marvellous, because it is permanent. My skin has remained smooth and white, without a shade of superfluous hair." I have never known this remarkable process to fail, but you can judge for yourself of its seemingly miraculous power. I am so grateful for my own delivery from the curse of superfluous hair that I feel that I should give full particulars regarding the discovery to all sisters who need it. Merely enclose two penny stamps for reply, and I will send you particulars by return of post. I will positively guarantee that any lady can permanently and painlessly remove her superfluous hair, and that she can easily use this process in the privacy of her own home without the knowledge of anyone. Address: KATHRYN B. FIRMIN (Dept. 1271 G), 133, Oxford Street, London, W.

NOTE.—This discovery of Mme. Firmin is unquestionably a marvellous blessing to all women suffering from this humiliating affliction, and we strongly advise readers to write at once for full information regarding her secret. Don't use this treatment near the scalp, eyebrows, or where you do not wish the hair permanently removed.

FREE COUPON

Issued to Readers of "The Sketch," by Kathryn B. Firmin.

Cut out this Coupon to-day, and send with your name and address (or write and mention No. 1271 G), enclosing two penny stamps for postage, to Kathryn B. Firmin (Dept. 1271 G), 133, Oxford Street, London, W., for free information regarding her marvellous discovery for permanently and painlessly removing superfluous hair.

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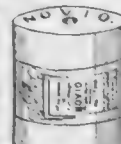
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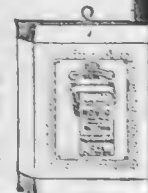
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THE WOMAN OUT OF TOWN

Modes à la Zepp. The deeds of the aerial assassins are awesome. The noise they make, the noise they cause hysterical, excited people and terrorised children to make, have their hideous side. The level-headed citizen—and he and she form the bulk of our population—treat the visitations with contempt, and many with raillery and ridicule. I understand that some of the ladies who were caught out with fringe-pins and other night-gear not quite sightly have corrected all that, and will either sally forth attractively arrayed as in the day—possibly more so, as about feminine pyjamas and nighties and peignoirs are many possibilities—or will be given their rapid despatch quite becomingly attired, so that their last thoughts need not be disturbed about how they will look when picked up. Men of a certain age—not military—say that they will go to the theatres provided with sandwiches and flasks, lest the refreshment-bars should run short, and the audience should have to wait the exit of air-raiders for their own. When a thing has to be faced, the British characteristic is to seek out the most convenient way to face it.

Scotch Property. A man who was born south of the Tweed was very keen to serve in a Scotch regiment, and asked the recruiting-officer to put him in one. This could not be done, he was told, and he was going sorrowfully off, regretting he had recruited at all, when the officer asked him if he had any property in Scotland, however small. "I have," said he. "What county is it in?" "Perthshire." "Well, we'll put you in a Perthshire battalion." Away went the recruit, and, when well out of earshot of the officer, said he to his pal, "It's glad I am I never got back that last pair o' trousers I sent to the cleaner's!" The recruit was an Irishman who had worked some years in Scotland. This is a tale from trenchland.

Overalls. The overall has come to be quite an important part of the feminine outfit. I used always to call mine my gabardine, but was told I must not use that word to describe it publicly, as it had been commandeered and patented for a fabric. Well, overall be it; I'll leave the patentee and the dictionary authorities to fight for the possession of the other word. I get into it to clean my car, to work in the garden, and I have a special one that I don when acting as probationer in a hospital ward, or as housemaid, scullery-maid, or staff-maid at that institution—and here may I digress so far as to say that my efforts in these directions have vastly increased my respect for the professional house-, table-, and scullery-maid. These overalls are indispensable in the scheme of national economy. I went with a friend to the munition works where she puts in four-and-a-half hours a day. She entered very smartly attired in the most stylish black taffeta and chiffon, wearing a hat from a Paris salon. Ten minutes later, her burnished hair was hidden behind a blue cap and she was immersed in a blue overall, and seemed to be first-cousin to fifty other overalled and blue-capped workers. Assuredly there is great individuality in dress: one overall makes all workers look akin. When they emerge from these enveloping garments, however, what a difference there is, and how classes and castes and types single themselves out from each other! How much nicer the factory-hand proper looks

in working clothes, how much less attractive the artificial beauty in hers, and how quite the same the natural beauty! Standardising dress would be a gain only to the tasteless feminine community, so the overall as a temporary standardiser is all that is required.

At a Carriage Window.

The other day, going up to town in a daily-breaders' train, my eyes were refreshed by the entrance of a remarkably well-turned-out woman. She was slender, well proportioned, not young, but had a cared-for and fundamentally good skin, and bright, long-lashed eyes. Her dress was the ubiquitous black taffeta, smartly made with old lace collar and jabot; her hat white straw, at a smart tilt, and trimmed with a jet quill and a black osprey, and with a black veil; neatest yet most unremarkable of shoes and stockings; a pair of white kid gloves ready to put on when out of the soiling train. Too many rings, on slender fingers with well-manicured nails, were the only fault for so soon after breakfast—one wants to be sustained by lunch and tea before being able to appreciate the gleam of jewels

on hands! The lady sat at the carriage window. At Cannon Street the daily workers passed by, and to a man and boy they had a good look through that window and enjoyed a sight calculated to be a pleasant send-off to their day's work. Herein lieth the value of a well-turned-out woman to the world: she unconsciously cheered us all up and greatly delighted the men workers, more especially those well on in years and those of tender age. Anything further of the lady than her appearance would, perhaps, have been less pleasant; so, dear ladies, appearance is important to the outside world, and friends excuse much!

"MARY MORELAND."

It seems doubtful if the world holds a more excellent specimen of efficiency than the capable young American woman. Anyhow, that is the impression left by such a story as Marie Van Vorst's "Mary Moreland" (Mills and Boon). One shade less of efficiency and Mary's would have been the sorriest tale, a sea of trouble, every wave a grave for the weak or the bungling. But precisely because one is always sure of Mary coming on top, dignified and dainty, the storms of emotion and events are exhilarating and not deplorable. Miss Moreland was secretarial typist to a New York business man with whom she fell in love and nearly

eloped. And then, by way of giving her the one chance for which her life had hitherto held no place of development, she became secretarial typist to a rich, exotic young English poet—such a poet, a mixture of Shelley and Byron, with a seasoning of *fin de siècle* decadence. Very properly, he proposed to her at the earliest opportunity, but Mary knew herself too well, and she went forth to yet another experience, that of domesticity among other people's children. Not a reader will finish without joy at the happy issue of the last pages, but the author is entirely successful in carrying the conviction that it mattered less what happened to her heroine than what she was. Mary with the pain at her heart would still be Mary triumphant, and this is a bracing, glad air to breathe. Nothing is more steady to the struggler than to watch perfect evolution, and in that respect "Mary Moreland" is a "strong" novel indeed. Mme. Van Vorst scores heavily, for it will need an imperative call to draw off a reader once caught in her clear, capable prose. It is, in fact, a charming story,



IN CLOTH AND FUR: AUTUMN MODELS.

The left-hand model is composed of hearthstone-grey gabardine, with pipings of black braid and a collar of skunk, and is worn over a blouse of white crêpe-de-Chine. On the right is a coat and skirt of Bordeaux red cloth, with buttons of its own material, and a collar of sealskin, the deep girdle being of black moiré.



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Until the end of September all Furs will be sold at reduced summer prices, and all orders for Fur Garments will be undertaken at specially low rates in order to find employment for our skilled furriers during the intermediate season. As the new Winter Models are now ready, customers can rely on any fur garments purchased being thoroughly up-to-date. All Furs bought during the above-named period will be stored free until required.

SEAL MUSQUASH FUR COAT (as sketch). An entirely new and ample model made from selected skins, with handsome skunk collar, lined rich fancy silk. Special Summer Price 16½ Gns. or without skunk collar 14½ Gns. In Natural Musquash with Skunk collar 15½ Gns. In Black Russian Foal with Skunk collar 13½ Gns.

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WAR AND ECONOMY.

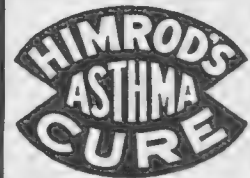
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Yours gratefully,—

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Sept. 22, 1915. Subscribers paying yearly or half-yearly in advance, either direct to the publisher or to a Newsagent, are not required to sign the above Coupon Insurance Ticket, but will be held covered under the terms of same during the currency of their subscription, provided that a certificate to this effect be obtained in respect of each period of subscription. This can be done by forwarding a stamped addressed envelope, accompanied by the Newsagent's receipt and two penny stamps for registration to

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THE WHEEL AND THE WING

A CULPABLE MINORITY: THE LIGHTING QUESTION: A MAMMOTH FACTORY.

Accidents Too Frequent.

The more one drives the more fully does one realise the fact that the vast majority of motor-vehicles of all kinds are handled with consideration and care. On the other hand, there is always a more or less heedless, and occasionally even reckless, minority in our midst of those who are too prone to take risks, with consequences mostly to their own detriment, and occasionally to the injury of others. When one does encounter anything of this kind, it is always a moot point as to whether one should ignore it, by reason of its relatively exceptional nature, or describe it as a warning. There is no writer on automobile topics who is not eager to purge the ranks of motorists of undesirable contingents, but, naturally, he is anxious to avoid the appearance of condemning a whole class in the sweeping way to which the public is too often addicted. There are many people, for example, who regard motor-cyclists, as a class, with horror, simply because those who do not use effective silencers on their machines convey an impression of speed which is wholly beyond the actual fact. A motor-cycle is an extremely handy and easily controlled type of vehicle, and probably ninety-nine per cent. of the riders who are regarded as reckless by unreflecting observers are doing no manner of harm, save that they ought to take steps forthwith to make less noise. I am bound to say, however, that there is a good deal too much rushing about just now, and accidents are becoming too frequent. Young—very young—lads in khaki are the chief offenders, but the sinners include civilians as well. One afternoon last week, for example, I was approaching Oxford from the Reading side, and, when passing through a village, slowed down at a cross-road. Suddenly a motor-cycle, with two men on board, shot out of the side-road right across my bows, at a much greater pace than I was going myself, although I was on the wide main road. If I had been doing more than twelve miles an hour at the time, a collision would have been unavoidable.

Through the Wind-Screen.

A few minutes later I was entering Oxford itself when I saw a crowd clustered round a small car, and as I crawled past I noticed a motor-cyclist on the pavement receiving medical attention. On arriving at an hotel a little later I learned from eye-witnesses that the car was proceeding slowly past a road obstruction when the motor-cyclist came up at a very high rate of speed, struck the car head-on, and was hurled through the wind-screen. As I went past the spot again half-an-hour later the crowd had disappeared, but the disconsolate owner of the car was contemplating

a broken mud-guard, a flat tyre, and a screen-frame entirely devoid of glass. It is almost a waste of words to say that accidents of this kind are very regrettable; but in the light not only of my own experiences, but of those of friends, it would seem desirable to ask the scorching fraternity to temper their enthusiasm with discretion.



THE MUNITION MINISTER'S MASCOT: THE WINGED SHELL FITTED TO MR. LLOYD GEORGE'S MOTOR-CAR.

Curiously apt was the inspiration which prompted a manufacturer to present to Mr. Lloyd George, as a mark of appreciation of his valuable work in speeding up the output of munitions, the shell, mounted with wings, which is shown in our photograph, in place, on the bonnet of the car of the Minister of Munitions.

Photograph by News Illustrations.

The New Lights Regulation.

It would be decidedly advantageous if the scope of the new police order as to lighting-up half-an-hour instead of a whole hour after sunset were not confined to the Metropolis alone. I was driving westwards the other evening, and at a point some forty miles from London switched on my side-lamps just half an hour after sunset. On the open road, of course, there was still plenty of light, but for several miles the highway was bounded, with only occasional clearances, by banks and tall trees, beneath which it was practically dark. Side-lamps, under the absurd existing requirements of a thirty-yards' maximum beam, are useless to a driver; save that his car can be seen from the front by approaching pedestrians or vehicles; but he himself can see nothing that he is overtaking. With a fifty-yards' beam, and a requirement to light up everywhere half-an-hour after sunset, the position would be better for all concerned.

A Colossal Undertaking.

It is interesting to find that, while the war has had a restrictive effect upon certain forms of manufacture, there are some firms which are under the necessity of enlarging their premises in order to cope with military requirements. Prominent among these is the Dunlop Rubber Company, which has already made a start at Erdington, on the outskirts of Birmingham, on a new factory which, when completed, will have assumed remarkable proportions. The site, in fact, is one of no less than seventy-two acres, of which forty-eight acres will be occupied by buildings of brick, concrete, and steel.

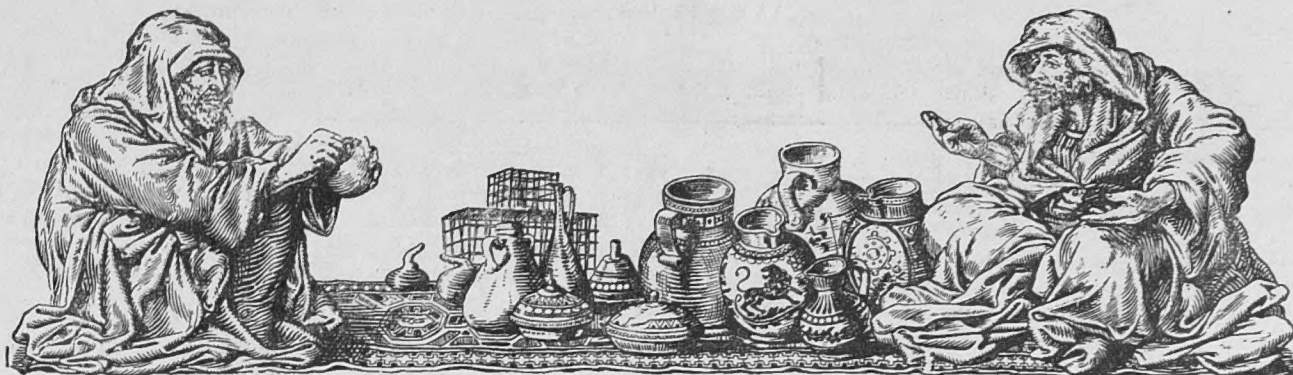
To begin with, the equivalent of 1400-h.p. will be taken off the Birmingham electric mains, and, later on, this will be supplemented by the installation of steam turbines aggregating 2800-h.p. The number of workmen for whom the factory will find employment is estimated to be at least 10,000; while, as a further indication of the scale on which the scheme has been drawn, it may be



UNLOADING IN THE SHADOW OF THE PYRAMIDS: A STRAKER-SQUIRE SERVICE WAGON.

Our photograph shows one of the very useful 40-h.p. 3-ton Straker-Squire machines unloading in the desert, in the shadow of the Pyramids. The driver, who is attached to the New Zealand Expeditionary Force, says that the machine gives a very high average mileage relatively to petrol consumed, and keeps remarkably cool, despite the extreme temperature, while its regularity of service is remarkable.

mentioned that the adjoining railway sidings will amount to no less than two miles of rails, to say nothing of a large basin and wharf on the neighbouring canal. This new departure has been rendered necessary by the high pressure on the existing works.



DUNLOP CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE WAR—EXPORTS.

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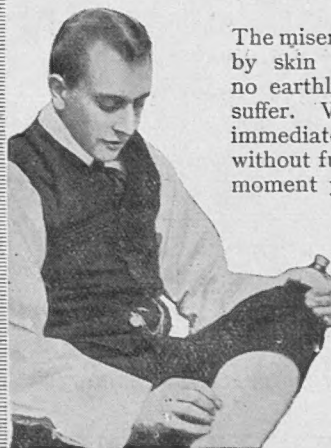


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A message to Mothers

Let your child wear the Claxton Ear Cap in the nursery and during sleep, and any tendency to outstanding ears will be corrected. The Claxton Ear Cap gently moulds the cartilages while they are pliable. Made in rose pink in 21 sizes. Send your order direct, giving measurements round head just above ears, and over head from lobe to lobe of ears, to S. K. Claxton, Castle Laboratory, London, N.W., and enclose remittance of 4/-. Also obtainable from chemists, stores, Harrod's, Selfridges', John Barnes, & Co., Ltd., Garrould's, Woolland Bros., and other Ladies' Outfitters.

THINGS NEW: AT THE THEATRES.

NO year seems complete without a revival or two of "The Scarlet Pimpernel" by Miss Julia Neilson and Mr. Fred Terry. So far as we recollect, there was none during the last theatrical year—which, of course, only shows what a shockingly incomplete year it was. So this year they have begun early, in order to make amends. It seems a wonderfully safe play. In all emergencies it can always be relied upon. That is largely because Mr. Fred Terry in it is so genial and overflowing; such an iron hand, too, behind a velvet glove. He is a sort of early romantic version of "The Man Who Stayed at Home"; and Miss Neilson is so gorgeous and so pathetic. And, as for the play, just as French Revolution romantic dramas repel some, so they attract others with a strange power; and as the others are in the vast majority, so much the better for the play, which has long established itself as a popular favourite on a level even with "The Only Way." Miss Neilson and Mr. Terry are supported, as usual, by an excellent company, notable among whom is Mr. Percival Stevens as the sinister Frenchman; and the dresses and the mounting are as splendid as ever.

The British Women's Poster Parade, which is to take place on Saturday, Sept. 25, at three o'clock, on the Embankment at Charing Cross, promises to be a novel and successful way of rousing interest in, and obtaining help for, the British Women's Hospital, which is to be a representative testimony of the whole nation towards the French sick and wounded. Lady Forbes-Robertson, who makes the appeal, asks women of all classes who will join in the Parade to

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PALLADIUM, Argyll Street, W. CHARLES GULLIVER, MANAGING DIRECTOR. The best entertainment at the Most Comfortable Theatre in London. Two performances daily, 6.20 and 9.10. Matinee Monday, Wednesday, and Saturday, 2.30. Admission from 1s. to 5s. Private Boxes, 10s. 6d., 15s., and £1 1s.

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write direct to 2, Robert Street, Adelphi, W.C. The object of the Poster Parade is to announce that, through the courtesy of Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree, the first public meeting in aid of the hospital will be held at His Majesty's Theatre, at 3 p.m., on Friday, Oct. 1.

A dainty little book of poems, called "Love and War," by "Nadja," has been published by Arthur L. Humphreys, 187, Piccadilly, and should sell largely, not only because the receipts from the sales will be devoted to the Red Cross Fund, but also because the poems themselves are very charming and sympathetic. The poet's apostrophe "To a Soldier": "Go forth where Duty calls thee, soldier mine: The hour has come, thy Country is at war, Her honour is at stake and with it thine"—will find an echo and impel a response in all who read it.

We have received the following letter. Some of our readers might like to answer it—

108ème batterie montée, 6ème régiment d'artillerie
6ème division d'armée belge, En Campagne.

September the 6 of 1915.

SIR,—We are two Belgians soldiers who fights since the beginning of the war. We are separate of our friends and of our family since months and months, and we should like to find a dérivatif at our minds. Knowing a little English, we should like to practice the language of our brave allies. It is for that, that I write you to be kind enough to ask your kind readers if one of them would not become our godmother. This relations shall make Belgians and English, two glorious country, know better one other. On wishing soon a glorious peace we send you our kindness regards.

Les Maréchaux des logis.

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BEST AFTER ALL.

It is a pity that so many people chiefly use cheese to stimulate the digestion of other foods, than as a food itself.

The agricultural labourer is obliged to live a simple life, and frequently to make his dinner off a piece of cheese and a crust of bread, (especially during War time, when the cost of bacon is almost prohibitive), little thinking how much better off he is, from a health point of view, than his wealthier neighbours.

War, however, is working wonders with the common-sense of the nation, and cheese is rapidly gaining the recognition it deserves as a food.

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"The Companion Way"

I

Osborne Cadetship

Just how we met, and when and where,
Are things that matter very slightly,
I only know I longed to be
Most knightly.

You were divine, with tangled hair,
A childish sprite, whose ways were sprightly;
We played in youth's delightful way,
So lightly.

*I wonder shall we e'er forget
Our first "De Reszke" Cigarette?*

II

Devonport and Promotion

Now comes a serious affair;
You sought to warn me, oh, so kindly,
That life was earnest, none must love
Just blindly.

Of course I lost my youthful air,
Defied the many powers that bound us,
And thus quite separate the Fates
Soon found us.

*Deep down in memory is set
My lone "De Reszke" Cigarette.*

III

Malta and Lieutenant

When I had grown to full lieutenant,
What happy chance brought both to Malta?
How sweet to find no freak of Time
Our love could alter!

Ah, glorious chance! Ah, Island pleasant!
Our thoughts had ceased to trip and falter;
Now all was easy, song incessant,
A lover's psalter.

*On sunny shores, without regrets
We loved—"De Reszke" Cigarettes.*

IV

Commander in Port

The lover's song that echoed down
The years that yet divided,
Was harassed with a poignant note,
All unconfided.

Far off, much bitterness, I own,
Our future joy derided,
But here in Port life's ironies
Gaily subsided.

*Always a solace; never yet
So sweet "De Reszke's" Cigarette.*

EGAN MEW



*I wonder shall we e'er forget
Our first "De Reszke" cigarette?*



Deep down in memory is set —



*On sunny shores, without regrets
We loved—"De Reszke" cigarettes*



My lone "De Reszke" cigarette



*Always a solace; never yet
So sweet "De Reszke's" cigarette*